

duced skating into England. The numerous canals in Holland, and the rather severe winter, made the inhabitants practiced skaters; the men smoke their pipes, and the women knit, and they fly over the ice on their way to market.—

Apply immediately to Mrs. J.
Arrin, Dahlgren, Ga.,

THE DAHLONEGA SIGNAL.

By W. W. Price.

A Record of Mining, Political, Local and Literary News.

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VOL. XLVII.

DAHLONEGA, GA., FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1887

NO. 19.

Is Life Worth Living?

"Is life worth living?" Ask of him
Who tells both day and night
To make a little home for
So dear unto his sight.
"Is life worth living?" Ask of her
Who, crowned with widow's weeds,
Doth find supremest happiness
In kind and noble deeds.
"Is life worth living?" Ask again
Of those whose highest aim
Is to assist their fellow man,
Without one thought of fame.
"Is life worth living?" Ah! dear friend,
Let these good people tell,
A letter question far to us—
Is life worth living? well!

—Columbus Dispatch.

THE STORY OF A BOOK.

By BENJAMIN HORTHURP.

The housemaid had found it in an old cedar box in the attic and put it beside a volume of Dickens on the middle shelf of the library bookcase. It was a little, square, green-covered, dog-eared, round-cornered geography. It was published when the art of geography-making was comparatively speaking, in its infancy. Its maps had yellow, green, red, white, yellow, purple, brown and many other colored lands, and it was embellished with old pictures of still older people dressed more singularly still who have become entirely extinct long since the artist who drew them died, if the geographers of the present day are reliable in their illustrations.

The advent of this old-fashioned volume among the richly bound books in the library caused a flutter of excitement not unmingled with indignation.

"I can't see for the life of me," exclaimed a collection of Matthew Arnold's essays, "why this common book should force itself upon our company."
"No, no!" replied the Dickens novel, sharply. "If this library is to be turned into a literary junk shop we might as well be in a second-hand store at once."

"Yes, indeed," echoed in unison a row of Scott's novels, which stood like a line of British soldiers with bright red suits, on an opposite shelf.
"Come, what have you got to say for yourself?" inquired gruff old Ben Johnson, "What made you stick your nose in here against our consent?"

"I didn't want to come!" answered the Geography, mildly. "Indeed I didn't. I wasn't to be in the attic, where I have lain ever since she grew up and where I would have been no but."

"Sil!" interrupted Dickens. "Who is she, pray?"

"Why, don't you know her?" replied the Geography in amazement. "I thought you must know her. She used to study me when she was a little pink-faced girl, years and years ago, and Jack and I studied me together. They were very fond of me, and I suppose that is the reason I have been kept so long."

"Jack?" again inquired the inquisitive Dickens, "who is Jack?"

"Jack," continued the Geography, enthusiastically, "was the handsomest boy I ever knew, and I knew a whole generation of boys and girls too. I ought to know that. I was for a long time, I thought and they told me, the handsomest and sturdiest of them for nearly forty years before Jack found me on the book shelf in his father's library, where his older brother had left me when he finished school and went to sea."

"That doesn't explain how you happened to be here," interposed Ben Johnson, rudely. "Come tell us that."

"I was just about to tell you," continued the Geography. "You see, Jack took me to school with him the very first day he went there. It was the little red school house under the hill. You probably know that. No! I thought everyone knew where that was. The master was very strict and very cruel, so I used to think, and every day he used to whip nearly all the boys and keep half the girls in at recess. Just because they whispered, and I tell you that boys and girls can't keep from whispering in school any more than from breathing. I said 'nearly all' the boys. Jack was one he didn't whip. Why? Jack was crippled. How did that happen? I'll tell you. Phyllis was Jack's sweetheart—was the prettiest girl in all the school. She was younger than Jack just a year. He was twelve and she eleven, and they loved each other just as much as people a good deal older than they were, if not a little more. One day after school Jack and Phyllis were sliding down the hill on Jack's big sled. The master was out watching them. The road didn't run straight down the hill, but wound around down through a small grove of trees. The road had been covered with water and was ice from top to bottom, and the sleds flew faster than the wind as they

went down. This afternoon Phyllis was in front of the sled, her little red stockings curled up under her dress, while Jack held on behind and steered with his leg. They started—the last slide they had—from the top, and were going faster than they had ever gone before, when Phyllis gave a little scream and caught hold of the sled tighter than ever. Jack looked over her shoulder, and saw a log sled, piled high with logs, crossing the road. How fast they were going, and how slow it crept along! The seconds seemed like years. They could possibly turn out, for it was in the very middle of the grove if it didn't take Jack long to make up his mind what to do. With a quick sweep of his leg he turned the sled sideways. He couldn't stop it, but he could make the end where he sat hit the logs first. A second later Phyllis was lying in a little frightened heap in the snow by the roadside unhurt, but Jack was stretched out, white and senseless, under the log. He was injured, or so they said. The next spring he was able to go to school again, but he couldn't play with the other boys. His crutches were in the way, and no matter how much he whispered the master never whipped him. He never wanted to, either, for most every one loved Jack. He used to sit with little Phyllis and they learned their lessons out of me. During recess they would open me at the map of Europe, and mark out the trip they were going to take when they grew up and were married. They were going to Paris where Jack was going to be a clerk. Then they would turn to Italy a year or so on the banks of a beautiful lake, and they were so happy that they wouldn't care whether they had any money or not."

"Well," observed Dickens, when the Geography paused a moment to breathe, "did they marry?"
"No," returned the other sadly. "The next year Jack died and was buried in the little churchyard behind the village church. Phyllis's father preached the sermon at the funeral and the whole school put flowers on the grave. For a while Phyllis was inconsolable, but such grief never lasts very long, so I've learned, and before her school days were over she was just as cheery and much more beautiful than ever before. I was laid away years after she grew up—laid away very carefully—for Phyllis never forgot the secrets that I shared with her. But I haven't seen her for years. I don't know really what has become of her. She brought me to this house with her over in the old chest. I—"

At this moment the library door opened and there entered the mistress of the house, a slight, handsome woman, with a sweet face and silver hair.
"I thought I heard a noise on the book shelves," she said, "but I don't see anything there to make it now. Perhaps it might have been a mouse. I'll look out for it." She exclaimed, as she seized the old geography and drew it out of its place, "how did this dear old book ever come down here? I thought I had lost it years ago."

Sitting down near the table she opened the well worn leaves. When she came across the old time map of Europe crisscrossed by pencil marks, her face softened, and as she bent over to kiss the soiled and disfigured continent two tears dropped were mingled with the blue waters of the sea.
"I think," whispered Dickens to Matthew Arnold, as he nodded in the direction of the old geography, "I think I know now, why the geography was kept so long."

"Yes," softly echoed the red-coated line of Scott. "Yes; we think you do."—New York Graphic.

The Blue Catfish as Game.

All my life I have taken great delight in fishing, and have had the pleasure of landing many of the game fishes of our waters. Among those which have furnished the most sport is the blue or channel cat. Of all the fish that I ever hooked it makes the hardest fight for its life. It differs from them in this way, when struck leap out of the water and rush through with their mouths open, thus making it much easier to conquer and land them; while the catfish takes the hook in its mouth and starts for the bottom of the stream or lake with the bait that will test the tackle of the best expert. I have had more real sport with it than with any other fish I ever tackled. It is full of fight from the strike to the landing net, and requires longer to bring it to hand than any other of its weight.

—Forest and Stream.

FAMILY BURIAL LOTS.

How They Should be Selected and Embellished.

Choosing a Site, Size of Lot, Monuments and Arrangement of Graves.

The most suitable locations for family lots in a rural cemetery are on slightly elevated ground, on natural hillides, on rolling undulations. Flat or level sections have the disadvantage of their monuments being forthwith, when located near the middle of a section, white too deep or abrupt grounds are inconvenient of access; besides that, its surface is liable to be washed.

The selection of a site near the middle of a cemetery, or on a secluded boundary section, is simply a matter of taste, as both localities have their charm and beauty.

For a costly and elaborate monument a conspicuous situation is generally preferred, and lots facing a main path or drive selected on account of the largest number of visitors passing, and such are the most suitable sites for those who desire prominence; while the quietness of a boundary section with abundance of shade and deep foliage, away from the thoroughfare of the principal and leading drives and paths, where the birds build their nests and fill the solitude of the sacred place with sweet and tuneful songs, find as many admirers. It is therefore safe to say that any of these locations are good.

The size of a family burial lot depends upon the probable number of interments, the taste of its owner, and the size of monument proposed to be erected. The average size of a first-class family lot is 20x30 feet or 24x24 feet. The former admits 14 graves with space for a monument of 34 feet at the base, besides sufficient room for flower planting; the latter, 16 graves with room for a centre monument, measuring at its base 6x6 feet, beside planting space. In nine cases out of ten but half the originally proposed interments will be made on the lot.

From careful observations in our most prominent and oldest cemeteries, the average area of such a lot is nearly seven times the space required for that number of graves.

The purchaser, in selecting a family burial lot, should know beforehand what style and size monument he proposes to erect, or whether the horizontal slab should be selected in its place. For a conspicuous, costly monument, a prominent location is decidedly preferable to a secluded, perhaps obscure location. An elevated point gives prominence to an obelisk or a column, erected on a high pedestal; while a location at the junction of several drives, with an opportunity of viewing the same from different points, is preferable for a statue, or fine sculptural works.

A large monument requires liberal space, and it would be a great mistake to erect such on an ordinary sized lot, without room to arrange graves in an appropriate style, and to plant what is necessary to relieve the base of the monument from adjoining lot decorations. And to buy a family burial place without considering the question of a monument, leaving it for further consideration, is equally wrong, and has often caused deep regret.

The manner of arranging graves on a family lot should also be decided, before any interments are made. Assuming that the base of the monument forms a square, with two graves on each of its four sides, laying at right angles to their respective fronts, thus providing room for eight graves, with the head nearest to the monument, and about one foot apart from the same; but if the family need more room, graves can be located near the diagonal lines of the square, three feet from the corner of the monument there is room for additional graves adjoining. In this arrangement sufficient space will be found for decorative planting, and it is questionable whether all graves will be occupied, as such graves may safely be marked as such for temporary planting, if the surrounding demands a background for the monument, or stately trees, should the owner prefer it, in place of the same.

—Buffalo Centinelian.

A New Calling.

"Baron—How am I to get my living? That is quite simple, Herr Graf. As you are aware, I have many acquaintances among the elite of the Capitol, and I intend to enter into an engagement with a large firm of dressmakers and milliners. It will be my duty to attend during the busiest hours of the day, and in my presence, the fair purchasers will feel quite anxious to haggle about the prices, d'ya see."—Pleigende Blätter.

The City of Roses.

New Orleans is said to be delightful in the late fall months, before the winter rains set in, but I believe it looks its best in March and April. This is owing to the roses. If the town was not attached to the name of the Crescent City, it might very well adopt the title of the City of Roses. So kind are climate and soil that the magnificent varieties of this queen of flowers, which at the north bloom only in hot-houses, or with great care are planted out doors in the heat of our summer, thrive here in the open air in prodigious abundance and beauty. In April the town is literally embowered in them; they fill door-yards and garthens, they overrun the porches, they climb the sides of the houses, they spread over the trees, they take possession of trellises and fences and walls, perfuming the air and entrancing the heart with color. In the cutting parks, like that of the Jackson Club and the Esplanade gardens at Carrollton, there are fields of choice, acres of the finest sorts, waving in the spring wind. Alas! can beauty ever satisfy? This wonderful spectacle fills one with I know not what exquisite longing. These flowers pervade the town, old women on the street corners sit behind their flower pots, the artist's windows bluish with them, friends dispatch to each other great baskets of them, the favorites at the theatre and the amateur performers stand behind high barricades of roses which the good humored ladies pile upon the stage, everybody carries roses and wears roses, and the roses overflow with them. In this position for flowers you may read a poignant treat of the people. For myself, I like to see a spot on this earth, where beauty is enjoyed for itself and let to run to waste, but if over the industrial spirit of the French-Italians should prevail along the littoral of Louisiana and Mississippi, the raising of flowers for the manufacture of perfume would become a most profitable industry.

—Harper's Magazine.

The Tramp Came Out Ahead.

During the early days of the Union Pacific, when Webster Sydney was general superintendent, H. M. Hoxie was his assistant. Snyder and Hoxie were in active team, and one of them was nearly always on the road, examining its construction or supervising the details of its conduct. At the time of which I speak, the road was completed a short distance beyond Kearney, and Mr. Hoxie had been out to the end of the line and was returning. The roadbed was naturally very rough, and the progress of all trains necessarily very slow. Somewhere west of Kearney a board named Mr. Hoxie's train, and attempted to work the conductor for a free ride to Omaha. The conductor resisted his plea, but his importunities became so pressing and pathetic that he was finally released to Mr. Hoxie.

"Let you ride to Omaha for nothing?" said he, when application was made to him. "No. When we get to the next station the conductor will get you off." The order was strictly obeyed, and the disgraced beast forced out of the car and on to the depot platform at Kearney. To say that Mr. Hoxie was surprised when, upon alighting from the train at Omaha, the first person that he encountered was the identical tramp who had been put to rest very mildly.

"How did you get here?" inquired the official.
The tramp tenderly and mysteriously caught Mr. Hoxie's sleeve and pulled him around behind the car and out of the hearing of the crowd. "I didn't want to give you old road away to the mob," said the tramp.

"I walked,"—*Omaha World.*

How Things Got Mixed.

"How are you?" said a bustling gentleman, entering the private office. "Yes," replied the head of the institution, I believe."
"We-el," responded the inmate of the office, "I am sometimes,"
"Ain't you Mr. Blank?"
"Yes, sir."
"I believe I did business with you as the head of the firm when I was here last," said the tramp.
"Has there been a change since then?"
"Well, not exactly; but we placed a lady at the head of the sales department not long ago, and sometimes it's a little difficult to tell who is running the institution."

Not Yet.

"George," said the senior partner to the junior in a law of the firm, "I thought you told me that Alfred had gone out of town on legal business. I understand he's down the road on a visit to a young lady."
"Well, sir," said George with an injured look, "it's not illegal to call on a young lady, I believe!"—Fuz.

NOISY FISHES.

Some Mysterious Sounds That Come from the Sea.

Various Noises, Musical and Otherwise, Made by the Finny Tribes.

Often times noises that come from the sea, and are seemingly unexplainable, proceed from certain small animals. That many fishes utter sounds is well known; as many as thirty different species of finny vocalists have been heard from time to time.

A number of years ago, while on a fishing trip in the Gulf of Mexico in the vicinity of Yucatan, I hauled in a small fish, known to science as the Hemulon, and to sailors as the grunt; and never was a fish better named, as no sooner did I take it in hand than it uttered a most expressive pair of eyes as far as a fish could roll them and commenced an appeal that quite astonished me. First the grunts were low and uttered singly; then they grew louder and faster, until finally the fish hurried at me a perfect volley of sounds that I accepted as an entreaty for mercy and hurriedly tossed him back. Later I caught many grunts, and they were all very talkative out of water, but whether these sounds could be uttered in their native element it would be difficult to determine.

Dr. C. C. Abbott heard the mud snail utter a deep grunting sound, and the gizzard shad makes an audible whirring noise. The chub sucker utters a single prolonged note, while the catfish produces a gentle humming sound. Albeit believes, however, that the most musical of the fishes is the eel, that utters a single note frequently repeated, and has a slightly metallic resonance.

The fact that the organ of hearing in these musical fishes is very well developed would seem to point to the belief that the notes were called; and as the air bladder in fishes represents to some extent the lungs of other animals, there is no reason for not thinking that the fishes have vocal communication.

The drimfish is one of the loudest talkers in American waters. When the nets are hauled on the Jersey coast, and large numbers of drumfish are caught, their protests are often very loud. That these fishes utter sounds under water there can be no doubt. The sailors on shore are anchored off shore have heard the strange noise rising about them, and described it as booming, while others thought it was occasioned by drums beating on shore. The fish use the sounds, according to some authorities, by striking their pharyngeal teeth together, while other writers think that they beat their bodies against the sides of vessels to rub off certain parasites that infest them.

A vessel lying in the China Sea some years ago had a remarkable experience. The sounds that arose about her greatly alarmed the crew, and were described by the captain as resembling escaping steam, the clanging of bells, the sound of an enormous harp, with others difficult to describe. The concert lasted for some hours and was attributed to a school of fishes that was seen in the vicinity.

That fishes utter sounds was known in very early times, and Aristotle and Aelian both refer to the sound-uttering fishes of the Mediterranean. The Ceylonese fishermen are familiar with a fish found in the Lake of Colombo, which they call "muggera," that makes an audible grunt when disturbed; and Pallegoike, in his history of Siam, refers to a brilliant fish, resembling our flounder, which the natives call "dog's tongue," that attaches itself to a boat's bottom and gives out a variety of sounds.

Considerable excitement was occasioned at Batavia, Ceylon, a number of years ago, by the report that musical sounds were heard rising from the sea in various places. Sir E. Tennent visited the locality and interrogated several fishermen who had heard the notes, and described them as resembling the faint croak notes of an Eolian harp. According to the men, they were only audible during the dry season, and they had always known of them, and their fathers before them. They said it was not a fish that sang, but a shell or mollusk, which they called in the Tamil tongue the coric coolooor cooloo, or crying shell; the name evidently being an attempt to reproduce the sound. The men also pointed out some of the musicians, which proved to be the shells known to science as Littorina lavis and Centium palus. Pennent engaged the men to take him to the spot, and one moonlight night they rowed him to a locality about 800 yards southeast of the jetty by the fort gate, and while the boat rested in perfect

silence, not a breath of wind blowing he distinctly heard the musical notes. "They came up from the water," he says, "like the gentle thrills of a musical chord or the faint vibrations of a wine glass when its rim is rubbed by a sustained finger. It was not one sustained note, but a medley of tiny sounds, each clear and distinct in itself, the sweetest reble mingled with the lowest bass. On applying the ear to the woodwork of the boat the vibration was greatly increased in volume. The sound varied considerably at different points as we moved across the lake, as if the number of animals from which they proceeded was greatest in particular places, and occasionally we were out of hearing of them altogether, until on returning to the original locality the sounds were at once renewed."—San Francisco Call.

Shlaughter In D-r in Missouri.

On Hurricane Creek two expert deer hunters, who have been bagging deer and turkey on the wholesale plan since the opening of the game season. They came from Michigan in September. Since the deer season opened they have shot and killed thirty-eight deer, and only wounded one which they did not finally capture. They used no dogs, but they go through the woods stealthily and travel but a short distance apart. They use the Marlin magazine rifle. Three times out of five if a deer starts up before them one of the hunters stops him the first shot. Failing to do this they follow the animal by with three or four shots in quick succession. If the deer should escape this fusillade, and disappear from sight both hunters strike out after him like a streak of greased lightning. They go bounding over logs and through brush like all possessed. They will run away from ordinary men, but they are not so afraid of deer. They will run as easily as a Kansas tornado will outstrip a Missouri cyclone. Both of these hunters have whistles. By the sound of these whistles they telegraph to each other the course of the game they are pursuing—whether it is bearing to right or left, or moving straight ahead. Nine times out of ten they will reach the summit of a divide before the deer reaches the apex of the next divide, and then they open fire again. That deer is made of good stuff that gets away without taking some of their lead with him—that rises and shows himself anywhere within forty rods, and these hunters say they have wounded only one deer since they came that they could not capture. This one was found a few days after it was shot, but it was spotted. They ship all their venison to St. Louis parties. They realize 12-13 cents per pound for the saddles, which is all that they ship.

—St. Louis Republic.

Davy Jones's Locker.

Responding to a correspondent's inquiry as to the origin of the nautical phrase, "Gone to Davy Jones's Locker," the New York Sun says: Davy Jones's Locker is the sailor's name for the place of the dead who are buried at sea. When a man dies at sea his body is sewed up in canvas, some heavy weight is attached to the feet to make sure that the body sinks, and the whole is then dropped overboard. The body has gone to Davy Jones's Locker. It was an awful conceit of one sea writer that since bodies of the dead that have been cast overboard along the principal routes between America and Europe are now standing erect on the bottom of the sea shoulder to shoulder, from port to port.

Jones is the sailor's corruption for Jonah. He thinks the dominie who preaches about Jonah is simply filled with an ambition to talk like a cockney when saying Jonah is the name meant. Davy is said to come from the West India negro word duffy, meaning duffy or evil spirit. Davy Jones is simply Duff or Devil Jonah—that is, he is the evil spirit of the sea, just as Neptune is the God of the sea. Whatever evil happens to a ship or crew is the work of the evil spirit of the sea, and so when a sailor man dies Davy Jones has claimed his own, and the body must be consigned to his home. Some authorities think that Davy is a corruption of tufel, the German for devil.

Tommy's Question.

Two business men, sitting one evening at the home of one of them, discussed the prices of merchandise over the evening paper, and one of them read: "There can be no doubt that the prices of general merchandise, as well as of coal and provisions, will continue to decline, and that the bottom has not yet been reached." At this point little Tommy, who had been listening as if he expected to hear something of interest, broke in. "Papa," said he, "does the paper say anything about whether you can get two topstrings for a cent?"

THE SIGNAL.

PRICE & REED, Publishers.
W. W. PRICE, Editor.

DAHLONEGA, Ga., March 11, 1887.

EDITORIAL.

The farmers of Glimmer county are going into tobacco raising on an extensive scale. We believe it will pay them.

The Texas State Senate has passed the prohibition amendment, which will be submitted to the people to vote upon next August.

They always sprinkle the streets in Birmingham. The reason is obvious. If the dust was allowed to settle on the poor tramp's back and he would come away a rich man.

The Bonner gold mine in Carroll county, has yielded \$135,000 to its owner since it was discovered, and it is believed as much more will be realized before the vein now being worked is exhausted.

The *Davensville News* has enlarged to a seven column paper, and is doing the right thing by Dawson county. So the people of that county should stick up for the *News*. It is a lively and interesting sheet, and does credit to its town.

Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, the noted preacher of Brooklyn, N. Y., died at his home in that city on yesterday. He had been the minister of Plymouth Church in Brooklyn forty years, and was liked by everybody who knew him.

GOVERNOR BOB TAYLOR, of Tennessee, once had a man to draw a revolver on him and give him one minute to pray. Bob did his praying in thirty seconds, and had the other thirty in which to dodge a bullet, get hold of the weapon and kick the fellow half to death.—Ez.

UNCLE PETER LAWRENCE, for many years editor of the *Gainesville Southern*, and now in the insurance business, whipped another insurance man in Athens last week. The *Gainesville Herald* says Uncle Pete is like the Irishman—you must not step on his coat tail.

An exchange says: "The boy or girl who is a regular newspaper reader will grow up in intelligence, and will use good language, both in speaking and writing, even with a limited education. It is news, science, literature, grammar, history, geography and spelling combined."

Tax bill for the relief of Confederate soldiers and their wives which has passed both Houses of the Alabama Legislature, contains the following: 1. Appropriates \$30,000. 2. Includes all disabled soldiers now citizens of Alabama; also widows of soldiers who died during the war or within twelve months after the close of the war, and who had never married. 3. Does not apply to soldiers and widows who are worth \$1,000 or more. 5. Fifteen hundred dollars to be paid blind soldiers who lost their sight during the war. 5. Applications must be made to judge of probate. The judge of probate is to forward certificates to State auditor. The auditor is to issue warrants 7 months after passage of the act.

SAM JONES and SAM SMALL received over \$38,000 for their month's work in Boston. Small stopped over in New York and gobbled up \$1,000 by selling his books and delivering an exhortation. These modern evangelists are wonderfully like the Saviour whose doctrines they claim to preach. They are making almost as good a thing out of Christianity, financially, as Jesus Christ himself made.

The above was one of the leading editorials last week in the *Franklin County Register*, edited by Ellen J. Dorch. The name is that of a woman, but the sentiment and language would do credit to the vilest criminal in Sing Sing prison. We can not but believe that such a fearfully sacrilegious editorial must have slipped into the *Register* unawares, but if it did come from a woman's pen we say from the bottom of our hearts, God pity her!—*Atlanta Capital*.

CONGRESS adjourned last Friday.

There is gold, and plenty of it, in Newcomen County, not ten miles from Covington. Before the war one man, in less than a year, gathered by hand enough of the precious metal to turn him out \$1,700. On account of a misunderstanding with the owner of the property work was discontinued.

It has been long well understood that gold is the most universally distributed of metals, but most readers will probably be surprised at a statement recently made by Professor A. F. Foote, of Philadelphia, to the effect that there is more gold in the clay under the city of Philadelphia than would equal the entire valuation of the city. In 1812 men made 60 cents a day washing the sands near Chester, on the Delaware river, where William Penn first landed, and quite recently several dollars' worth of gold in grains were taken from a well 150 feet deep within twenty miles of Philadelphia.

General Wolsey, the commander of all the English armies, writing in *McMillan's Magazine* of Gen. Lee, says: "When all the angry feelings raised by the secession are buried with those which existed when the Declaration of Independence was written; when Americans can review the history of their last great rebellion with calm impartiality, I believe all will admit that Gen. Lee towered far above all men on either side in that struggle. I believe he will be regarded not only as the most prominent figure of the Confederacy, but as the great American of the nineteenth century whose status is well worthily to stand on an equal pedestal with that of Washington and whose memory is equally worthy to be enshrined in the hearts of all his countrymen."

Reply to Associate.

Mr. Editor: A card appeared in last week's issue of *THE SIGNAL* from "An Associate," raising a mournful wail because his name did not appear as such in the first issue of the *Student's Herald*.

The gentleman is justly (?) offended. His illustrious name, known far and wide as the embodiment of all that is wisdom (?) should by all means have adorned the pages of the *Herald* in letters of gold and in the largest and most attractive type the printer's case afforded. Not only that, but several hundred extra copies of the paper should have been printed and scattered to the four winds of the earth in order that its readers might know under whose magic pen its pages are made to sparkle with wit, humor and other literary productions of a higher (?) order than is common to the average editor-in-chief.

It is to be hoped that, hereafter, a matter of so vital importance and one upon which not only the circulation but possibly the existence of the *Herald* depends, will be attended to, and thus save our little paper from sinking into oblivion. May "Associate" remain unshaken in the "right" to see his name where it belongs, and may the time soon come when he will not need paper, destined to perish, to perpetuate his fame, but may it be engraved in living characters on tablets of memory, on the hearts of his countrymen.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

17 cent of sorts with headache, stomach disorder, torpid liver, pain in back and side, constipation, etc. One of these *Dr. Williams' Pink Pills* will give relief. A few doses restore to new health and vigor.

The great wall of China has 3,500,000 cubic feet. An engineer in Seward's party there some years ago gave it as his opinion that the cost of this wall, figuring labor at the same rate, would more than equal that of all the 100,000 miles of railroad in the United States. The material it contains would build a wall six feet high and two feet thick right straight around the globe. Yet this was done in only twenty years without a trace of debt or bond. It is the greatest individual labor the world has ever known.

Oglethorpe county was first laid out in 1793 and the first jury sat in April of 1794. The records are still preserved.

An old Indian known as Neves died at San Diego, Cal., recently, who, the *Union* says, was 125 years old. He was reared by the first missionaries who came to lower California, and was brought by them to San Diego. He was for many years stone blind, but always refused to go to the poor house. He worked right along until the day of his death. He would cut wood, wash clothes, hoe corn, and beans, but never, although he could not see, was he known to hurt a hill of beans.

HALL'S

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years Doctors pronounced it a local disease, and by constantly falling to cure with local treatment, protracted it into chronic. Science has pronounced Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure now on the market. It is taken internally in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circular and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

CATARRH CURE

LUMPKIN SHERIFF'S SALES. We held on the 1st Tuesday in April next at the court house in Dahlonega in said county within the legal hours of sale to the highest bidder for cash the following property, to wit: At the same time and place and upon the same terms I will sell the following lots of land to wit: The undivided 1/2 of No. 328, undivided 1/2 of 686, undivided 1/2 of 684, 1182, 1183, 1184, 1185, 1186, 1187, 1188, 1189, 1190, 1191, 1192, 1193, 1194, 1195, 1196, 1197, 1198, 1199, 1200, 1201, 1202, 1203, 1204, 1205, 1206, 1207, 1208, 1209, 1210, 1211, 1212, 1213, 1214, 1215, 1216, 1217, 1218, 1219, 1220, 1221, 1222, 1223, 1224, 1225, 1226, 1227, 1228, 1229, 1230, 1231, 1232, 1233, 1234, 1235, 1236, 1237, 1238, 1239, 1240, 1241, 1242, 1243, 1244, 1245, 1246, 1247, 1248, 1249, 1250, 1251, 1252, 1253, 1254, 1255, 1256, 1257, 1258, 1259, 1260, 1261, 1262, 1263, 1264, 1265, 1266, 1267, 1268, 1269, 1270, 1271, 1272, 1273, 1274, 1275, 1276, 1277, 1278, 1279, 1280, 1281, 1282, 1283, 1284, 1285, 1286, 1287, 1288, 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Prices Current.

Prices paid for country produce:	
Corn, per bushel.....	60 @ 65
Wheat " ".....	90 @ 1.00
Oats " ".....	75 @ 80
Rye " ".....	75 @ 80
Irish potatoes.....	45
Sweet " ".....	45
Apples, per bushel.....	1.00 @ 1.10
Turnips " ".....	40
Pears " ".....	75 @ 1.00
White beans, " ".....	1.25 @ 1.50
Hyacinths, per pound.....	1.00
dry " ".....	1.00
Cabbages " ".....	15 @ 20
Rutabagas " ".....	15 @ 20
Eggs.....	10 @ 15
Chickens.....	20 @ 25
Meat, per bushel.....	50 @ 60
Onions " ".....	20 @ 25
Peasants " ".....	1.00
Pork, per pound.....	5 @ 6
Lard.....	3 @ 4
Hams " ".....	8 @ 9
Wool " ".....	25 @ 30
Dry peaches per pound.....	2 @ 3
Dry apples " ".....	2 @ 3

These prices are furnished by the Hall Bros. Co., and will be changed weekly.

Local Chirpings.

—Changeable weather, somewhat!

—No spring poetry wanted for the next three months.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Ingersoll paid White county a flying trip last week.

—Mrs. A. C. Ward left for Brunswick last week to visit relatives and friends.

—Mrs. J. P. Reed, accompanied by her sons Jessie and Fred, is visiting in Cobb county.

—Hymen Richardson was in from Dawsonville a little while this week. Glad to see you, Hymen.

—Mrs. Harris, of this county, went to Atlanta this week to buy her Spring stock of goods.

—Miss Cadie Price came back from Atlanta last week, where she has been visiting friends.

—A certain young student in town wants to know why its always "previous" with the girls. He says it's beyond his comprehension.

—Mrs. E. W. Strickland returned from Atlanta on Tuesday. She purchased a fine lot of Spring Millinery, and is now ready to sell cheap for her many friends. Look out for her "ad."

—N. G. Canning and W. H. Cobb, both old students of the College, were admitted to the bar in Gainesville on Saturday. Two brighter young men can not be found in Georgia, and they will undoubtedly soon rank among the best lawyers.

BOYD FOR KANSAS.—A. W. Woolly, Benj. McDonald, W. C. Walker and Cantrell, all of this county, with their families, numbering in all about thirty persons, left for Kansas this week. Good honest hard-working men like these can all do well in Kansas or anywhere they may settle.

SHOT HIMSELF.—Little Willie Purcell, son of Mrs. S. J. Purcell, of Atlanta, who was attending school here, accidentally shot himself through the left foot with a parlor rifle on Saturday. Dr. Chapman extracted the ball from his foot, and his aunt, Mrs. J. C. Brittain, carried him to his home on Monday. Mrs. Brittain returned yesterday.

—Mr. P. M. Sifton, W. M. of Blue Mountain Lodge No. 38, F. & A. M., at this place, has been appointed by the M. W. G. M. of the Grand Lodge of Georgia, grand representative of the Royal Grand Lodge of Germany at Berlin. The position is one of honor, and although Mr. Sifton likes a great deal of being a German, he can represent the Grand Lodge of Germany with credit.

MR. THOMAS' NEW OIL.—The new oil now being made by Mr. H. H. Thomas has been tried in the store of Cicero Wallace and according to Mr. Wallace's testimony the oil burns as long as kerosene and the light is just as effective.

The following certificate shows for itself.

Mr. H. H. Thomas died on exhibition on Tuesday night, March 1st, 1887, a lamp of his oil in Blue Mountain Lodge Hall, and we, as members of the above Lodge, cheerfully recommend Mr. Thomas' oil for all that is claimed for it.

P. M. Sifton, W. M. H. D. Gurley, S. W. J. W. Cartledge, J. W. S. W. Woodward, Sec. J. B. Thomas, S. D. S. H. Williams, Jno. A. Howard, G. C. Wallace.

—There are a great many flower gardens around Dahlonega, but the one in the yard of Mr. H. D. Gurley is about as pretty as we ever saw.

—As will be noticed in the council proceedings a repeal of the hog law now in force will be voted upon at some future meeting of the council. We believe the law as now enforced is injurious and detrimental to the farmers around Dahlonega, and causes them much expense in keeping up their hogs. We can not see that hogs running loose in a town do any serious injury. Of course where harm is done to the property of any individual it is nothing but right that the owner of the hog should pay damage. Would like to hear from some of our citizens on this question.

SHOT AT 'EM.—Deputy Marshal Jim Harrison, assisted by Marshal Grizzle, cut up a still at the foot of the Blue Ridge near Cooper's Gap early last Friday morning. While returning on horseback near the place where Jim Findley, of Gainesville, was shot and his horse killed several years ago, some person or persons concealed in the bushes up on a high ridge fired several shots at them, the balls whizzing by them but doing no harm. The fire was returned, but hostilities ceased and they came on to town unmolested. Mr. Harrison has some suspicions. Jim Robinson was shot at and his horse wounded in the same neighborhood some years ago.

—Ausey Mae Duno, Wheeler, the old Spaniard who recently died here was born in Cadiz, Spain, in 1781, as attested by papers in his possession. He went to sea in 1802, and for five years remained on shipboard, visiting many parts of the world. The vessel upon which he served was wrecked off Charleston in 1808, when almost all of the crew perished. Among those saved was Wheeler. He concluded to remain in Charleston, which he did for seven years, by which time he had saved in trading about \$5,000.

Then he made his way West among the Cherokee Indians, where he married a squaw and was finally adopted into the tribe. He married three Indian wives successively, all dying young.

GOLD FOUND IN THE COBBETTA MOUNTAINS.—David Long, of this place, recently received a letter from his brother who lives near the foot of the Cobbetta Mountains, stating that he had found a very rich mine on a lot owned by himself. The lot is in Fannin county, near the line of Gilmer county. In the letter he says that not long ago he took out 400 pennyweights in four days. Mr. Long runs a store on the Cobbetta Mountains, and he often buys the shrub known as the "pink root" for medicinal purposes. He would buy this shrub from the citizens around just as it was pulled from the ground, and the gold was first discovered in this way, particles of it being found in the dirt that fell from the roots of the shrub.

DEATH OF A NOBLE WOMAN.—Mrs. S. A. Besser, wife of Mr. C. A. Besser, died on Sunday in middle Georgia, and her remains were brought here on Tuesday morning. How sad it is to think that such a noble and loving woman has passed from our midst; one whom everybody loved with ardent devotion, and whose benevolent characteristics were continually shining like the rays of the mid-day sun. For many long years her home has been in our midst, and now that she has found a home in heaven, where troubles and sorrows are unknown, the entire community feel that their loss has been severe, but that the Lord has gained another lamb into His flock. She was a devoted wife, a kind mother, and a consistent Christian woman, liked, loved and honored by old and young. She leaves a husband and five children to mourn her loss. She was buried in the cemetery on Thursday evening. Rev. G. Hughes preached the funeral sermon to a large concourse of friends. A sympathetic community extend to the bereaved family their sympathy in this dire affliction.

IN AND AROUND JAY.

Closing of Miss Theora Waters' School—A Nice Time.

Jay, Ga., March 2, 1887.

I will try and give to the readers of the SENEAL a sketch of the closing of Miss Theora Waters' school. Miss Thea is, without exception, one of our best "juvenile teachers." She has just completed a two-month term, and closed her arduous labors Friday evening the 25th ult., at Jones' school house, where she with the assistance of her brothers, sisters, and also the Misses Bearden, Messrs. J. C. Crox and James Bearden, of Nimbelsville district, as well as Messrs. John Stovall and Willis Bearden, of Dahlonega College, entertained the patrons and citizens of Jay. Children are close observers, and such exhibitions tend to raise the morals of both parent and child. The house was beautifully decorated with evergreens and lighted with impromptu chandeliers; and the elevated stage gave an imposing scenic effect. Music was rendered by W. J. Williams and John Rider. James M. Kirkham was master of ceremonies.

There were 33 pieces acted, and the rendition was fine. The "Drinking fumes" by Miss Thea Waters had its effect on a good many; also the "Georgia Volunteer" by Miss Sallie Jones.

The following was the program, and the scholars and all who participated, acquitted themselves splendidly.

Song—Twilight.
Recitation—Miss Mollie Long.
Value of Reputation—Frank Waters.

When I was Young—Dialogue.
Captain Jacks—Dialogue.
Surrender—Miss Missouri Bearden.

Telling Dreams—Dialogue.
Sut Lovingood at Candy Pulling—Dialogue.

Poetry—Miss Amanda Cain.
Confounded Miller—Dialogue.
Silly Dispute—Dialogue.

Query—Miss Mattie Bearden.
Grand Mother—Dialogue.
Song, Rock of Ages—Miss Thea Waters.

Basful Lovers—Dialogue.
Georgia Volunteer—Miss Sallie Jones.

Aunt Dekey's Beaux—Dialogue.
Deacon's Courtship—Miss Ica Waters.

Davy Crockett's Hunt—J. C. Crox and John Bearden.
Fall of Adam—Dialogue.

Poetry by Miss Rebecca Cain.
Human Monitor—Dialogue.
How Jim Peters Died—Dialogue.

Maiden and the Rainbow—Miss Nellie Long.
Sister Green and Sister Freshour—Dialogue.

Drinking House—Miss Thea Waters.
Rival Speakers—Dialogue.

Hard Shell Sermon—Dialogue.
Curfew must ring to-night—Miss Mattie Long.

Mr. Coffin's Spelling School—Dialogue.
After Christmas—Miss Ethel Jones.

Fishing Expedition—Dialogue.
Life's Roses—Miss Ica Waters.
Valedictory address by Miss Amanda Cain.

Columbia Joe—Frank Waters.
Hannah Maria—John C. Stovall.
Selling old Bachelors—W. K. Bearden.

God Married—W. K. Bearden.
[We were unable to get the names of all the speakers.—Ed.]

Farmers are busy sowing oats and making ready for spring work. The road commissioners are in secret session; would suggest we have a road tax.

ALBION.
To Sunday School Teachers.

We wish to call your attention to the approaching meeting of the Lumpkin County Sunday School Association. The Association will meet on the second Saturday of May next at nine o'clock a. m., at Jones' Chapel, three miles north of Dahlonega.

You have only two months in which to organize and get your schools in good working order. We therefore urge all who are interested in Sabbath Schools to go to work at once. Organize your schools and send your delegates.

Let all of the schools be represented in the Association. Come at the time and to the place above specified. Bring your baskets well filled with such things as is necessary to have a nice picnic; and let everybody spend a pleasant day. Bring all of the children.

B. F. Chapman, Presid. at.
W. W. Price, Secretary.

Council Proceedings.

Council Room,
Dahlonega, March 7, 1887.

At the regular meeting of the town council of Dahlonega, present E. F. Jackson, Mayor pro tem. and Councilmen Thomas, Gurley and Sifton.

A petition signed by sundry citizens asking the repeal of the ordinance passed at the regular meeting in February in regard to prizes to be paid on natural and artificial drafts, was presented and on motion of Councilman Gurley said ordinance was repealed.

The following ordinance was then read and on motion adopted:

AN ORDINANCE CREATING A SANITARY COMMISSION.

1. Be it ordained by the Mayor and Council of the town of Dahlonega, that from and after the passage of this ordinance, the Mayor of said town shall appoint a committee of three, two of whom shall be members of said town council, and one of whom shall be a resident physician, whether a member of said council or not, to be called a Sanitary Commission. The first appointment of said Commission is to be made immediately after the passage of this ordinance and all subsequent appointments to be made at the time when regular committees are reported by the Mayor for each year. Said Mayor shall have power to fill vacancies caused by death, resignation or otherwise.

2. It shall be the duty of said Sanitary Commission upon complaint being made to them by any citizen of said town, of any nuisance of any character whatever, having been erected or maintained to the injury or hurt of said town, to immediately investigate the same, and report to the Mayor and Council of said town at its next regular session, or sooner, if the exigencies of the case require. If said Commission shall report to said Mayor and Council that a nuisance of said citizen is well founded, and that such nuisance does exist, then it shall be the duty of the Mayor to cause the Marshal of said town to serve notice on the person or persons erecting or maintaining said nuisance to appear before him, and show cause why the same should not be abated. Said notice shall be served at least five days before the day for hearing the same. Upon the hearing of said complaint, and in the event said Mayor shall be satisfied from the testimony that the report of said Sanitary Commission is true, it shall be his duty to require the defendant or defendants to abate the same within ten days from the date of his order, and upon failure of said defendant or defendants to abate the same, in accordance with said order, then it shall be the duty of the Marshal of said town to abate the same and report to said Mayor the costs and expenditures thereof, which duty is to be issued an execution against the owner of the property on which such nuisance exists, for such costs and expenditures, which shall be collected by said Marshal.

3. It shall also be the duty of said Sanitary Commission to make a monthly report through their chairman of each meeting to the Mayor and Council of said town.

4. Any person being dissatisfied with the decision of said Mayor, may have the right of appeal from such decision to the full board of Council of said town.

The following ordinance was then adopted and will give special attention to style, and guarantee perfect fit.

ORDERS FROM CITIZENS ALSO SOLICITED.

When you want a good SHAVE OR HAIR CUT go to HOWE, the Barber.

68 Shop in Burnside Hotel.

R. T. HARDIN, CLOCK AND WATCHMAKER, Public Square, Dahlonega, Ga.

Work Solicited.

WEAK & UNDEVELOPED

FACTS OF THE HUMAN BODY IN THE MOST INTERESTING MANNER, OPENED UP BY THE LATEST SCIENCE, IN A WAY THAT WILL SHOW YOU THE REASON WHY YOU ARE WEAK AND UNDEVELOPED, AND HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF STRONG AND VIGOROUS. THE LATEST SCIENCE, IN A WAY THAT WILL SHOW YOU THE REASON WHY YOU ARE WEAK AND UNDEVELOPED, AND HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF STRONG AND VIGOROUS.

CLINGMAN'S TOBACCO REMEDIES

THE CLINGMAN TOBACCO CURE

THE CLINGMAN TOBACCO CURE

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THE CLINGMAN TOBACCO CURE

THE CLINGMAN TOBACCO CURE

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THE CLINGMAN TOBACCO CURE

skill in the State failed to remove it, and she continued to decline until death relieved her of her suffering; and the angels bore her sainted spirit to her home in heaven. As a wife she was devoted, tender and true, as a mother loving and kind, and as a friend true and steadfast. Although she was not able in her last hours, on account of the nature of her affliction; to speak of her future prospects; her long life of purity and good deeds leave the strongest assurance that she is now at the home of the good in heaven, far away from all suffering and where the weary are at rest. She leaves a bereaved husband, five living children, and many relatives and friends to mourn the loss of the greatest of earthly treasures—a Christian wife, and a Christian mother. May her death be sanctified to the good of all her relatives and friends, and may they emulate her work of faith, and labor of love. G. HUGHES.

If You Want A Good Article Of PLEB Tobacco ask your dealer for "Old Rip."

The skeleton of a beast which must have been as large again as Jimbo has been dug up in Lorain county, O. He is supposed to have died 4,000 years ago probably having got tired of waiting for Columbus to come and discover him.

MILLINERY!

Thanking my friends and patrons for past favors, I am now ready to inform them that I have just received my French and American Stock of

HATS, FLOWERS, RIBBONS, FEATHERS, TRIMMINGS, &c., which I will cheap. Good goods and low prices is my motto.

Respectfully, MRS. E. W. STRICKLAND.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and infidelities of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you. FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. J. H. H. D. M. Sifton, D. New York City. sep 24-ly.

CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER

In the best style of the Art.

P. M. SIFTON,

Agent for John Wanner, Office in room adjoining Moore & Williams' store. Will continue to take orders for custom clothing, and will give special attention to style, and guarantee perfect fit. Orders from citizens also solicited. jan 28-48.

When you want a good SHAVE OR HAIR CUT go to HOWE, the Barber.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, low weight adulterated powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST. N. Y.

IT WILL PAY YOU

If you propose going West or Northwest to write to me. I represent the Short Line. Pass. D. Rice, D. P. A. 107 5-Gm. Atlanta, Ga.

SADDLES & HARNESS,

BOOTS AND SHOES.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY and buy your HARNESS and SADDLES from me. I guarantee my work to be first class, and I sell at the lowest prices.

BOOTS AND SHOES made and repaired. I use the best leather in all my work. I will be found at all times at my shop—night or day—ready and willing to serve my customers. Give me a call.

J. B. HOUSLEY, Oel. Tenn, 1886.

Bill for Relief Act, In Equity, vs. the Georgia, Oel. Tenn, 1886.

It appearing that Israel W. Valentine, Hiram Trent, Mrs. A. J. Steward, James Brunson, S. K. Kirk, Anna L. Kirk, Rufus A. Morrison, John A. Kirk, W. T. Kirk, G. F. Fowler, W. H. Grady and Labbie E. Gorton have made petition defendant and are non-residents of this State. It is ordered that they and all other non-resident defendants in this Cause do appear and answer by the next term of this court, and that service upon them be perfected by publication of this order in the DAHLONEGA SENEAL twice a month for four months before the next term of this court.

W. P. Packer, H. H. Packer, Comptroller's Office.

I certify that the above is a true extract from the minutes of the Superior Court. Jan. 28th 1887. E. C. HARR, C. S. C.

FOR

MAN

AND

BEAST!

Mexican Mustang Liniment

CURES

Scalds, Lumbago, Sprains, Strains, Rheumatism, Burns, Stiff Joints, Swellings, Backache, Galls, Bruises, Sprains, Contractions, Muscles, Eruptions, Itch, All, Scabs, Worms, Swellings, Saddle Galls, Piles.

THIS GOOD OLD STAND-BY accomplishes for everybody exactly what is claimed for it. One of the reasons for the great popularity of the Mustang Liniment is found in its universal applicability. Everybody needs such a medicine. The Lumberman needs it in case of accident. The Housewife needs it for general family use. The Cattleman needs it for his teams and his men. The Mechanic needs it always on his work bench.

The Miner needs it in case of emergency. The Planter needs it—cutting along without it. The Farmer needs it in his house, his stable, and his stock yard.

The Steamboat owner or the Boatman needs it in their supply of necessities.

The Horse-fancier needs it—it is his best friend and safest reliance. The Truck-grader needs it—it will save him thousands of dollars and a world of trouble.

The Railroad man needs it and will need it as long as he lives in a round of accidents and dangers. The Black-woman needs it. There is nothing like it as an antidote for the deadly and fatal and comfort which surround the plowman.

The Merchant needs it about his store among his customers. Accidents will happen, and when these come the Mustang Liniment is wanted at once. Keep a Bottle in the House. 'Tis the best of economy.

Keep a Bottle in the Factory. Instantaneous use in case of accident saves pain and loss of wages. Keep a Bottle Always in the Stable for use when wanted.

DURHAM, N. C., U. S. A.

THE DAHLONEGA SIGNAL.

By W. W. Price.

A Record of Mining, Political, Local and Literary News.

\$1.00 Per Annum. Single Copy Five Cents.

VOL. XLVII.

DAHLONEGA, GA., FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1887.

NO. 20.

Our True Treasure.
Every one of earthly treasure
We have lavished upon earth,
For our simple worldly pleasure,
May be reckoned something worth;
For the spending was not losing,
Though the purchase was not small;
It has perished with the using;
We have had it—that is all!
But each merciful almsman—
Seeds of pity wisely sown,
What we gave in self negation,
We may truly call our own;
For the treasure freely given
Is the treasure that we hoard,
Since the angels keep in heaven
What is lent unto the Lord!
—J. G. Saxe.

A MOTHER'S VISION.

"Oh, dear," said tidy Mrs. Jewett, "there's Willie in the parlor again with his muddy boots, and Jennie has fingered the woodwork of the piano all over. I see, that I polished so nicely only yesterday. I know the door of the parlor has been left open, too, for the music curtains are pulled all away, where pussy must have frolicked in the folds; and, dear, dear, there's Jack this minute with his feet in that stuffed chair!"

"Come, come, mother, I wouldn't fret," said easy Mr. Jewett; "the children must put their feet somewhere, and I suppose kittens will be kittens and fly about where they can find the most fun."

"Oh, yes," rejoined Mrs. Jewett, "it's very easy for you father, to think children and cats can go where they like and do what they please. I'm not fretting, but it's hard work to sweep and polish, and do clean-starching; and men never did know and never will know anything about the work of a housekeeper and a mother."

So saying, Mrs. Jewett, with her fair, pretty face all in wrinkles, went out of the room with a worried look.

"Oh, dear!" And her husband looked after her with a compassionate look.

"Poor mother!" Naturally Mrs. Jewett was of a happy disposition, but like many another fond, faithful mother, she was unconsciously falling into the habit of worrying over the inevitable faults and thoughtlessness of her children.

She was a scrupulously neat housekeeper, and as her things had not come as easily as they do to many others, they acquired all the more value and importance in her eyes, once they came into her possession.

But the usual restlessness of boys and girls, and even poor-captivity Kitty herself, was fast developing into Mrs. Jewett that irritating fretfulness and impatience which kills true happiness and comfort in many a home, and where the mother's real object is to make all as comfortable and happy as possible.

In vain Mr. Jewett hinted that things were going along wrong, somehow, and that there was no end of vexatiousness and fault-finding taking root in his family.

At such times Mrs. Jewett would shed tears and declare no one could do more than spend all their time and energies for the welfare of their family, as she did.

One morning the curtains were discovered to have been pulled up all to one side, while the summer sunshine was flooding with its wholesome light, the bright pattern of the new Brussels carpet. Jennie and Carrie had left their school books scattered around on the chairs, and Jack's muddy boots stood in the middle of the floor.

Mrs. Jewett's husband was a tirade of displeasure, but the children were out of hearing, so instead of judiciously and patiently calling them in and obliging them to put things in their places, she began putting things to rights herself, allowing Mr. Jewett, as frequently happened, to bear the brunt of her displeasure, and for once his good nature gave way and he said, pettishly:

"I declare, wife, it is a thousand pities there are any children here to bother you so."

Mrs. Jewett made no reply, but going to her room she sat down for a moment to consider whether or not her husband meant what he had just said.

But by degrees the gloom faded from her vision, the house became quiet—terribly quiet—the sunlight died out, and shade and stillness reigned supreme.

There were footsteps heard, but hushed, creeping, awed.

All of active life had ceased; even the "itty had taken herself off, and was no where to be seen.

Mrs. Jewett roused herself, and went from kitchen to dining-room, from dining-room to parlor. The invariable order was oppressive.

The curtains were rolled with exact neatness, not the faintest line of sunlight

could pierce through crack or crevice of the nicely adjusted shutters. Every book was in its place; the chairs as guiltless of dust as if just cleaned, and the unbarred polish of the piano reflected each undisturbed ornament and object in its vicinity.

But the children! Oh, the children! A great appalling throb of apprehension and withering pain shot unresisted through the mother's heart at the mention of their names.

Where was winsome—no longer mischievous but winsome—Willie?

Where pray, were sportive Carrie and lively Jennie? Where, too, bounding, loving little Jack? "Yes," she said, vaguely peering about in the featureless gloom, where are my precious children?

She left dining room and parlor and went from one child's chamber to another—everything in that same depressing order, even their little beds were untrussed, each smooth pillow looked as if unpuffed by a sunny lead—for oh, so long.

And oh, misery! What was that in Willie's room in the porcelain vase? Some white flowers tied with white satin ribbon; and this heart-breaking emblem in Jennie's room? Her picture, sweet child! with a crown of fading flowers encircling it—and here in Carrie's room her picture, the darling, also crowned with immortelles.

And Jack's room, forlorn in its tidiness! Yes, yes, a funeral wreath in his room, dear, loving little Jack.

Mrs. Jewett's first impulse was to disarrange everything; the quiet and palling neatness were gone; her heart to madness; even hitherto she had been anything but a childless house, but the children—oh, the children! The mother felt as if her brain were afloat, and her heart was bursting with its pent grief; she could not endure it another moment—and she awoke.

Thank God! She was sitting directly in the road, sent sunlight which God made to come, not to be shut out of our homes. In the garden she heard the sweet, blissful voices of her children—the delighted little children.

Kitty, with fluttering little paws, was clucking with unchecked glee at the tassels of the muslin curtains, and she noticed with a sigh of relief that the mahogany bureau, with its burnished surface, had been pawed with fresh finger marks.

Mrs. Jewett arose slowly, locked the door, then knelt down; after awhile she went forth, a new quiet in her heart, a new smile on her face.

In the dining-room she raised the curtains, so that the sunlight danced gaily through the room.

Jennie came in with a torn apron, and was greeted with a smile of welcome—rent and all.

Willie had been using paste in the dining-room, and had daubed the cloth, and his blouse, but mamma patiently pointed him how to clean the spots away, and Willie promised with great sincerity to be more careful another time.

The children had a gloriously happy day. At night, when they were all asleep, their mother went from room to room, giving with pure thankfulness to each darling little sleeper, so dear—so dear! She sighed, then smiled at the little porcelain vase in Willie's room, filled with sweet, wild flowers of his own plucking.

Then she went to her own room, and carefully told "father" her terrible dream.

He kissed his wife's fair brow fondly, and said, soothingly:

"Never mind, dear; we're all right now."

And they were. The timely warning was not lost on the mother's heart; for she never forgot how terrible it was when in dreams she roamed from one empty, orderly room to another in quest of her children, and could not find them. And she resolved that she would not wait to place white flowers in their hand when the perfume could reach the dainty senses and their fading beauty would only break her heart; the children should have the flowers now, while their dear eyes were open to behold them, and their hearts still alive to all of earth's comforts and delights.

And we would that many another wife and mother, who is drifting into habits of fretfulness and nervousness through undue care for the children's bodies rather than their souls "might dream this lady's dream."

Wanted Him to Wait a Year.
"We have a partner," you have congratulated me on my marriage. Six months have gone by."

"Are you in a hurry that I should?" "Well, not particularly."

"Then wait a year. By that time you'll want me to condescend to you."

"THE BLUES."

A Malady from Which we all Suffer Occasionally.

Remedies Successfully Applied by a Number of Sufferers.

"Look pretty cheerful, do I?" said a business man the other day. "Well, you know an hour ago I was suffering from the worst attack of the blues that I've had for six months!"

"I told you I got rid of it. Why, I tried my usual remedy, and I did not say you will find it an amusing one. It's just putting something tidy."

"Yes, I tidied up three of my office drawers which were in confusion—gave them a thorough straightening out, not a superficial one, you understand—and I've felt better ever since. You never tried that plan, I suppose? Well, the next time you feel depressed just remember it. It's the best remedy for low spirits I know of. It doesn't matter in the least what you make tidy, anything will do, from yourself to your coat-collar or your account book, so long as it's thoroughly done. You will find that the mere fact of having tidied up anything at all in quick and spang order has an instantaneous and astonishing moral effect. I've tried it so often that I can speak from experience. It was my wife who first suggested the idea to me—she found it herself, I believe, in some old book of essays—and neither of us has ever known it to fail with any ordinary attack of low spirits. Whenever my wife feels blue she immediately goes off to her store-room or china cupboard or linen closet, routs out its contents, and puts everything in what she calls 'apple-pie order.' If none of those places needs attention she attacks the book-shelves, takes down the books, dusts them, and arranges them again carefully, or goes through her music, binds the loose sheets, mends the torn ones, and so on. As for me, like most Chicago men, I'm usually in such a drive that I have no time to get blue, but occasionally there comes a day when everything seems gloomy and uncomfortable, and I haven't a word to throw at a dog. I suppose every man has such experience. Well, on these occasions I look about till I find something or other that wants putting straight. Sometimes, like this afternoon, it's a lot of papers that have been lying about in confusion; sometimes it's a business deal that's been dragging along in an unsatisfactory way and needs setting up. As I said before, it doesn't matter in the least what you put straight. It's the fact of putting it so that's important. Just you try it and see."

The above remarks suggested to the reporter that different people might have different methods of conquering "the blues," and he set about investigating the subject.

"What do I do when I feel low-spirited?" said a board of trade magnate. "Well, I don't know that I have any well defined plan of operations, but I believe, come to think of it, that I usually wash my hands. 'Yes,' reflectively, "I'm sure I do. I dare say I'm peculiar in that way, but it's the fact that to have my hands neat washing is enough of itself to make me feel blue. I wonder sometimes what is making me feel so uncomfortable and generally dissatisfied, and if I look at my hands and find they're not clean it's explained at once. If I go off and wash them I come back feeling a different man."

"Blue? Oh, yes, I get blue occasionally," said a well-known grocer, "and I find that the best remedy is a brisk walk. Sometimes I walk up to the park and back as fast as I can go, and usually find that I've parted with my depression on the way. When my brother has an attack of low spirits he goes over town and takes a Turkish bath, then gets shaved, and has his hair cut (whether he needs these operations or not), and then comes home and puts on a new suit of his friends. He recommends this plan to all his friends, and has a firm faith in it himself. Whenever we see Jim looking blue, we know he's been fighting off a fit of the blues."

"Do I ever feel low-spirited? Oh, yes, indeed," said a young woman in a white camel's hair tea-gown. "You want me to tell you what I do under the circumstances? I have one remedy which never fails. It is putting on my very prettiest gown and making myself look as nice as I possibly can, even if I stay in my own room all the afternoon or evening and see no one. I find that a shabby or unbecoming gown is sure to make a fit of the blues worse, while an elegant toilet sends one's spirit up sooner than anything else."—[Chicago News.]

Quaint Old Marriage Records.

The world discourages, and rightly so, the marriage of December with May, and when such marriages took place in former times they were usually recorded in some such way as this: "23d August (1788). At Bath, Captain Hamilton, aged 80, to Mrs. Musson, a lady of rank and fortune, aged 85." We may find even a distance of eighty years between an old man and his bride. In February, 1769, "Robert Judge, Esq., of Cooks-burgh, Ireland, aged 95, to Miss Annie Nugent, aged 15. He served in King William's war and received a ball in his foot." Particulars of height, as well as of age, fortune and length of courtship, were often given: "December, (1755). At York, Mr. Thomas, a grocer in the Yorkshire militia, six feet two inches high, to Miss Hannah Tennick, of Cleam, three feet two inches high, with a fortune of five thousand pounds." And on April 5, 1785, at Ripley church, Mr. Robert Long was married to Miss Roy-nard; between them there was disparity both of age and size, "the bridegroom being 37 years of age, and more than six feet high; the bride 20 years old and little more than three feet high." The record of a marriage in 1799 of a couple aged respectively 80 and 85 concludes thus: "And what is still more remarkable, there has been a courtship carried on between them for more than sixty years."—[Brooklyn Magazine.]

Names of Postoffices.
Some queer facts about the names of postoffices are thus disclosed by the Washington correspondent of the New York Herald:

The people of the "Postal Guide" shows that the people of the smaller villages and towns have a peculiar fondness for naming their postoffices after people prominent in public life. Andrew Jackson is more greatly honored in this respect than any of his colleagues, past or present. Seventy-two offices recorded in the "Guide" bear the name of Jackson, with such affixes as "town," "branch," and "centre." Washington comes next on the list, with forty-seven names, including such affixes as are necessary to distinguish two offices of the same name in one state. Jefferson has forty-four and Grant forty-one. Lincoln, notwithstanding the great affection with which he was regarded by the people of the country, has but thirty-one offices named in his honor. Garfield follows closely with twenty-seven, Arthur with twenty and Hayes with fourteen. Frank Hutton heads the list of more recent postmaster generals with nineteen offices bearing his name, although the Greahams, Cresswells, Keys and Tynors are well represented.

Snake Smartness.
A snake story comes to me from a place not a hundred miles out of Parmanatta. A gentleman was walking about his grounds one day, when he saw a snake, which at once made for his hole. It had nearly disappeared, when the gentleman caught it by the tip of the tail, and drawing it out with a jerk, threw it to a distance. The snake gathered itself together, and when its enemy was looking for a weapon with which to kill it, got into the hole again. Once more it was pulled out and once more it returned to earth, while a vain search was being made for a stick. It was wrenched from its hole a third time, and again the return journey was made. But on the occasion the snake, when it got to the hole, turned round and went in tail first, triumphantly snapping its fangs as it retreated into the earth. If there is a snake story to beat this I should like to hear it.—[Sydney (Australia) Mail.]

The Window Glass Industry.
Window glass was first made in the United States at Pittsburgh in 1795, at which time James O'Hara and Major Isaac Craig established a factory there. In 1802 Gen. O'Hara made the first flint glass. From that day to the present Pittsburgh has been the acknowledged centre of this class of manufactures. Of window glass factories proper in Pittsburgh there are 29 in operation in the city and suburbs, and one devoted to the making of plate glass. The total product of these 29 factories, with their 276 pots, has an annual value of \$3,900,000.—[Philadelphia Press.]

In the Same Boat.
"You have been in the army a great many years, but I have never heard of your capturing anything," said an old sergeant to a somewhat venerable army officer.

"You ought to have a fellow feeling for me," was the reply.

"How so?"

"Because we both know what it is to grow old without making any conquests."—[Texas Siftings.]

METALLIC FREAKS.

A Visit to a Big Stamp Mill in a Nevada Mine.

Queer Forms Assumed by Molten Silver Dropped on Cold Slabs.

Ten years ago this winter I stood in the big California stamp mill at Virginia City, Nev., watching the sixty ponderous 250-pound weights thundering on the quartz. The pulp was being stirred in the great pans the millings were going out down a flume like a mill race. At each setting pan was a large canvas bag held in a vise-like grip. I was invited to thrust my hand into one of them. I did so, and brought up a great handful of something that was heavy and as elusive as quicksand.

"That," said Senator Fair, then superintendent of the Big Bonanza mine, "is amalgam—quicksilver and gold and silver. We put that in red hot retorts. The quicksilver passes off in vapor, is caught and precipitated, and the bullion comes out in a blackened but solid mass. Now come down to the refining room and I'll show you something. Dye ever see how silver speckles when you drop it?"

"I can't do this," as well as I'd like to, for there's too much gold; this stuff runs 45 per cent. gold, and it's too heavy to work as I'd like it."

Senator Fair led the way to a room in a brick building adjacent, where two great caldrons were boiling and bubbling. "There's half a million in each of those," said Mr. Fair. "Johnny, clear this iron table, and get me two blocks of ice."

The ice was brought, and the blocks were placed a foot apart on the iron table. When all was chilled Mr. Fair said: "Give me a 50-ounce ladle." The ladle was dipped into one of the caldrons and came up with a plait of white, molten fluid. "Now, watch," said Mr. Fair. He held it up as high as his arms would reach, and dropped it on the cold slab between the cakes of ice. He dropped it, and splashes of little more than a tablespoonful of ice. The effect was marvellous. As the liquid silver and gold fell its weight scattered it into ten thousand conceivable shapes and the cold chill so suddenly applied congealed it into a hundred thousand inconceivable shapes—in an instant, there were splatters and splashes and all sorts of things. Where a single drop of water would fall it would expand to either a cone wheel or a cobweb as the freak would take it. If Mr. Fair dropped a spoonful next the cake of ice the splashes would rise, catch on to the ice, and make a perfect little wire forest. It was one of the most beautiful sights the writer had ever seen.

"Jewellers and silver smiths," said Mr. Fair, get a good many of their ideas from just such idiosyncrasies of silver bullion. I have held it up before now, dropped it, and seen some of the oddest and most surprising forms. Lou Hamilton, Jones' brother-in-law, has complete coach and four and hounds behind—the result of just one splash on a cake of ice down at the Belcher. Odd things in silver? Oh, the silver smiths are more perfect than we are, but I'll bet I can hold this ladle up, drop the whole of it on that cold slab, and you will see a variety of forms, devices and grotesqueries such as you never dreamed of. Johnny, give me a fresh ladle. Now stand away. Here she goes!" and a pint of molten silver went out on the caldron.

Ten thousand shapes and ill shapes, and ten other thousand forms were there. There were forests and streams, and birds and reptiles, and rocks and mountains. To have picked out all would have been a week's task.

"Cluck it back into the pan," said Mr. Fair. "Give me another ladle. Now watch this."

Down it went on the cold slab. There were elephants and giraffes, and lions and dogs, and African bungalows, and on one splash a marching regiment could have been made by but a trifling stretch of the imagination.—[Chicago Herald.]

Detecting Criminals by the Ear.
The President of the Berlin police calls attention to the advantages accruing to police authorities everywhere by making profile photographs of criminals which will distinctly show the left ear. He says that while the features of the face change in the course of time, the ear retains its shape forever, and furthermore, there are no two persons whose ears are identically formed.

For Delinquent Subscribers.
"Count that dry last, whose low descending sun,
See from thy hand no moken action done
And this, the subtlest action one can do,
Is paying your subscription when 'tis due."
—Goodall's Sun.

The Village Church.

To all the country a landmark fair—
The village church upon the village green;
Whose "heaven pointing finger" far is seen,
Beckoning the heart away from worldly care.

And bidding it for better worlds prepare.
A solemn awe subdues the youth's proud mien,
Childhood is hushed and age with hope serene.
What tender memories haunt the house of prayer.

And yet this outer church is not our goal,
Nor should its crowded aisles attract us most.
Too many sympathies the heart engage
In multitudes secure to make its boast.
Behold God's kingdom is within the soul;
Ye are the temple of the Holy Ghost.

—Warren Holden.

HUNG-ROUS.
The man who paints the town red frequently gets some of the paint on his nose.

Young lady tourists in Florida continue to ask if there is any bus that runs to Kissimmee.

The young man who has his evenings to himself generally goes and gives them to some one else.

Twenty widows own twenty adjoining farms in Greene County, O. What a country that must be for weeds!

"Why do I pause?" asked a street orator one day, and some one in the crowd answered, "to get breath."

Clocks can be looked upon as among the most lasting articles of personal property. They so rarely change hands.

The young man who persuades himself that two people can live as cheaply as one, can always find a girl to help him try the experiment.

When a man becomes firmly convinced that he is a genius, it is then that the fringe slowly begins to form on the bottom of his trousers' legs.

An article is now going the rounds entitled "What to Wear." Bless you! "We all know what to wear, but we want to know 'how' to get it."

"A man's business comes very near to the hearts of the people," softly remarked a pickpocket as he drew a full hand from an inside coat pocket.—[Drake's Monthly.]

"Professor," said a graduate, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know." "Pray don't mention such a trifle," was the not very flattering reply.

"George," said the senior partner to the junior in a low, firm voice, "I thought you told me that Alfred had gone out of town on legal business? I understand he's down the road on a visit to a young lady." "Well, sir," said George, with an injured look, "it's not illogical to call on a young lady, I believe!"

"You know, my dear, I have often said that, like the rest of the human kind, I am only a poor, weak sinner," said Mr. Jones, as he best trying to excuse himself to his wife. "Yes," replied she. "You have so. And I never saw anybody in my life as anxious to prove the truth of his statement as you seem to be."

To choose a lover,
By your own hand be let;
To choose a husband,
Better so your hand.

A Domesticated Storm Bird.
Several months ago during a violent wind storm a bird was driven into the Sun office in an exhausted condition. The bird was secured and placed in the wicker basket that contained the remains of short-fused poetical effusions and long-legged communications. The stranger was a singular bird, with a rufous feather gown lined with white at the tip, and a mallow red beneath his wings. His eye was brilliant in the extreme, and courage was reflected in the pulse and courage of his head. Not many hours had passed until he knew each member of the staff, and had left his imprint on the fingers of those who crossed him. The bird was given to a gentleman to rear, and he was christened with the storm doors on his brow "The Storm King." So he is now known, and every day develops his fondness for the winds, rains and storms. In quiet weather he is calm, but before the coming and after a storm has begun he is wild with excitement, and rapidly sends forth the notes of a curious song, more warlike than sweet.—[Baltimore Sun.]

No Mlad Reader.
"Look here," said a man this morning, going into his grocery, "those eggs you sold me last week were bad."

"Well, that was my fault," said the grocer.

"Where was it, then?"

"Blamed if I know. How should I tell what was inside of them? I'm a groceryman; I'm no mind reader."—[Washington Critic.]

Prices Current.

Prices paid for country produce:

Corn, per bushel.....	60 @ 65
Wheat " ".....	70 @ 81.00
Oats " ".....	30 @ 35
Rye " ".....	75 @ 80
Irish potatoes.....	40
Sweet " ".....	40
Apples, per bushel.....	75 @ 85.00
Turnips " ".....	40
Pears " ".....	75 @ 80
White beans, " ".....	\$1.25 @ \$1.50
Hydes, green, per pound.....	.10
" dry " ".....	.12 @ .15
Cabbages, " ".....	.11 @ .12
Butter, " ".....	.15 @ .20
Eggs.....	.10
Chickens.....	10 @ 15
Meat, per bushel.....	.60 @ .65
Oleins " ".....	.30 @ \$1.00
Peasants " ".....	\$1.00
Pork, per pound.....	.5 @ .6
Lard, " ".....	.8 @ 9
Hams, " ".....	.8 @ 9
Wood, " ".....	.2 @ 3
Dry peaches per pound.....	.25 @ .30
Apples " ".....	.2 @ 3

These prices are furnished by the Hall Bros. Co., and will be changed weekly.

Local Chirpings.

—Lovely weather.

—Baseball has started.

—Get your fishing poles ready.

—Blank deeds for sale at this office.

—Court in Dawson county only lasted a few days.

—Capt. Frank Hall was in Cumming a little while this week.

—J. A. Grizzle, Jr., of Yakoola district, this county, aged 65, was married last week to Miss Emily Pruitt, aged 50.

—Miss Nettie Wright, one of the popular and very handsome young ladies of Gainesville, was here on a short visit this week.

—Miss Don Deck, a charming young lady of Dalton, who has spent some time among us, left for her home on Wednesday. Luther will be sorry.

—Some malicious and evil person set fire to the boxing arena the Eesser during on Sunday and it was burned up. The steps were also consumed. The guilty one should be punished.

—When you want job work done the Slosser can accommodate you on short notice and cheap rates. We have on hand blank deeds which we will sell cheap. Also other local blanks.

—The stable and crib at the old Hunt place, burned last week. A lot of corn and fodder belonging to Samuel Miller, Sr., was lost. The large dwelling house on the place narrowly escaped, and but for the exertions of the neighbors would have burned.

—Mrs. Rachel Cochrane, a relative of Mr. J. P. Reed, of our town, was burned to death near Acworth about the 5th inst. Her clothes caught fire and before the blaze could be extinguished she sustained burns sufficient to cause her death within a few days.

—Capt. Wright, the genial hotel-keeper, liked by everybody in Gainesville and by all who know him, is now keeping the Hunt House at Gainesville. The Captain seems to be a "natural-born" hotel-keeper. He invites his old friends to stop with him at the Hunt House.

—Will Tolbert, the old and reliable back driver on the mail line between here and Gainesville, has quit the line, and will soon go into business for himself. He has been on the mail route for ten years, and has proved himself courteous and gentlemanly, and will be missed off the back. He informs us that he will make arrangements to accommodate our people this summer in the way of travel.

A SIXTY-SEVEN—We were shown the other day a hen's egg which can not be best in the State of Georgia, and we now have no doubt but that Lumpkin county will always come out ahead of every other county in the production of odd and curious things. The egg is in the possession of Mr. J. A. Howard and came from the farm of Mr. H. H. Huff. It is six inches long and seven inches in circumference. In the inside were two yolks. Besides this was another well formed egg with a hard shell about the size of a common hen's egg. This is not a fabrication, but is the truth. Mr. Howard has the egg at the post office.

—Hymen Richardson is in town from Dawsonville.

—Capt. H. D. Ingessoll spent a few days in Ellijay this week.

—The Athens students have declined to meet our cadets in a championship debate.

—A squad of the cadets will go to Macon to enter the military drill to come off soon, and will drill for the prize.

—The building in which the Slosser is located was built for a Presbyterian church, but still the "devil" is in the office every day.

—J. P. Parker says he went up into Niblewell district 13 miles from here this week with an ox-team, shucked a load of corn and returned home in one day. Buck and Brindle got "thar."

—While in Atlanta a few days ago we went in to see our old friend Frank Crussell, who is now in the Constitution office. Frank is a noble and capital fellow, and takes delight in showing Dahlonega people around the Gate City.

—In compliance with an ordinance recently passed by the town council of Dahlonega the Mayor has appointed the following gentlemen a sanitary commission for the present year: P. M. Sisson, Dr. H. C. Wheeler, J. B. Thomas.

—Andy Harris was arrested last week in Dawsonville for the murder of Andy Howard which occurred in Yellow Creek district, Dawson county, not long ago. Several other parties will soon be arrested, who are thought to be implicated in the murder.

—The following note addressed to Mr. John W. was found on the streets a few days ago:

Johnny you are a Darling. I love you better than Sugar. I want you to be my Partner at the party at Mr. _____

Your Sweet Little Darling.

Sa—Mrs. Stuman, wife of George Stuman, died Monday night. Some time ago the brother of Mr. Stuman died, and in a short time after his wife died leaving a large family of children. Mr. Stuman took charge of the children, and now that his own wife is dead, he is left with a household of children to care for, with no mother to watch over them. Mr. Stuman has the sympathy of the community.

Be SALE—A big sale of mining lands has been consummated in White county. Douglas A. Ouslow and W. Sandell Mappin, representatives of an English syndicate have bought the Nacoochee, Reynolds, Parker and Frazer mines on Duke's Creek in that county. The price paid is not known. The property is very extensive, and includes some of the finest and richest mineral lands in the South. The "Handy Mountain Gold Mines" is the name given by the syndicate. Numerous improvements will be made, and work will be commenced in earnest. We are glad to see our sister county so busy.

The April number of Peterson's Magazine opens with a fine steel engraving, "The Wait," followed by the usual handsome double-size fashion-plate. It contains, also, two very pretty designs in colors, for fancy-work, numerous fashion-designs giving the latest spring styles, a subject always interesting to the ladies. Its interesting stories, work-table designs, recipes for cooking, and other articles make this a very handsome number, and fully sustain its well known reputation as the cheapest and best of the lady's magazines. It ought to be taken by every woman. Terms: Two dollars a year, with great deductions to clubs. Address: Chas. J. Peterson, 206 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

One of the best things that Sam Jones ever said is the following: "The most beautiful sight in the world is to see a family around a cheerful fire, with the head of the family reading his local newspaper which he has paid for in advance."

If You Want A Good Article Of How To Make Your Dealer For "Old Rip."

THE "CITY OF GOLD."

DAHLONEGA IS SHE NESTLES IN THE MOUNTAINS.

HER MINING INDUSTRY AS IT IS NOW.

Her Educational Facilities the Best in Upper Georgia.

Her Merchants and their Increasing Business.

Dahlonega, or the "City of Gold"—the name is appropriate—it might have been the "Mountain City" with as much appropriateness—nestles in the very bosom of the many small mountains that are spurs of the great Blue Ridge. She is surrounded on every side by large hills and small mountains, and as the lofty peaks of the Blue Ridge show in the distance, any one can say truly that she is indeed a picturesque and lovely place.

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THE MINING INDUSTRY.

Space must not be consumed in giving the beauties of a place that is known far and wide. We must look to our mining industry. These red hills around Dahlonega are not here as an ornament. Within them is found the precious metal gold—the metal which causes man to go wild in his search for it—the metal which contributes more than any other to moving this busy world of ours. Long before a court house was built and before Lumpkin county was established this gold of ours led men away from their homes to find a fortune among us. Gold by the millions has been dug from the ground around us, but the supply seems inexhaustible, and to-day more gold is taken from the ground than was forty years ago. Long before gold was discovered in California thousands made their living in this county by digging gold. The California mines are fast playing out. They have reached their zenith and are declining, but the gold mines around Dahlonega hold their own. Capital will soon find its way among us, and where capital is backing experienced home miners, millions will be taken from this old red clay of ours yet with profit to the men who own the mines. Of course California has a larger area where gold is found, and men of capital made their investments in that State, but losses and failures have learned them a dear lesson, and they are beginning to invest their money in Southern mining property which is rising steadily and surely. We are now on the eve of a great boom in gold mining, and Dahlonega will be the center.

"What caused the depression in the value of your miners several years ago?" a stranger will sometimes ask. It can be explained in a few words. Northern men who invested here sent inexperienced men to boss over our native miners. The result was that the "boss" generally pocketed about half the yields of the mine, lived in luxury, and returned with a pitiful tale that there was no gold in this country. Such thieves and frauds as these are just the cause in a nut shell. We know of more than one mine near here which was worked by these "bosses." It was given up as "no good" by them, and to-day our native miners are working them with a good profit. Thanks be to the Good Lord these dead beats

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

"Each year every local paper gives from \$100 to \$5000 in free lines for the benefit of the community in which it is located. No other agency can or will do this. The local editor, in proportion to his means does more for his town than any ten men and in all fairness, man with means, ought not to be supported, not because you happened to like him or admire his writings, but because a local paper is the best investment a community can make. It may not be brilliant or crowded with thought but financially it is of more benefit to a community than a preacher or teacher. Understand us now, we do not mean morally, intellectually but financially, and yet on the moral side of the question. To-day the editor of the local papers do the most for the least money of any man on earth. Subscribe for your local paper, not as a charity but as an investment."—David Davis.

Queen Victoria never ate cake.

are unknown among us now, and there is not a mine in this county which does not pay a good profit.

One of the heaviest owners of mining property around here is Col. N. H. Hand, of White Plains, N. Y. Why is it that all his mines pay? The reason is obvious. Native miners of experience and honesty superintend and care for his mines, and instead of being the loser at the end of the year, he can show up a handsome dividend. There are many men at the North who own mining property in this county, and it pays them. If it did not any sensible person can see that they would drop it at once.

The rich finds and new development in the mines within the last six months will convince any ordinary man that in these hills the precious gold lies in abundance. Last year new mines were discovered and are now being worked in places where the average miners never expected to find gold. This is conclusive evidence that there is many an acre of ground around us which only needs development to show up into a first-class mine. Time will bring to light some of the richest mining property ever known.

It is a fact not generally known but still it is true that Lumpkin county produces more gold than any county in California. Statistics prove this. The mines in and around Dahlonega are in a healthier condition than ever known before, and this is why we all look forward to a great boom about to take place.

Not long ago we received an encouraging letter from a Chicago man of wealth, who is keeping an eye on our mining industry and in his letter he says he "notes with pleasure our material advance and progress." These complimentary words were unsolicited on our part. More than one article from the little Slosser, about our mines has found its way into the great Chicago dailies by his influence. He is not a property holder in this county, and this is the reason why his words fall with more force.

Dahlonega is not hankering after a sudden boom like Cartersville and the Alabama cities. She wants it to be a steady growing one that will stick, and not come in a flutter of excitement and soon pass away like a cyclone which pays a short visit and then leaves. This is not the kind of boom we desire, and is not the kind we will have.

The "small fry" miners must not have a few deserving words. This kind of mining goes on with as much zeal and enthusiasm as it did many long years ago. The miners seem to take a delight in it. From morning till night they wade through water and oftentimes they strike a "rich," and then again for weeks they work hard, and are rewarded with only a few pennyweights. The average miner makes from \$100 to \$150 per day, and is contented. It seems to be a pleasure to him. He delights in the ups and downs of mining, and when he runs on a good streak he is happy as happy can be, when he is unlucky he is always happy in anticipation of what he thinks is to come.

When you want a good SHAVE OR HAIR CUT go to HOWE'S Barber. 67 Shop in Burnside Hotel. R. T. HARDIN, CLOCK AND WATCHMAKER, Public Square, Dahlonega, Ga. Work Solicited. SADDLES & HARNESS, BOOTS AND SHOES. PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY and buy your HARNESS and SADDLES from me. I guarantee my work to be first class, and I sell at the lowest prices. BOOTS AND SHOES made and repaired. I use the best leather in all my work. I will be found at all times at my shop—night or day—ready and willing to serve my customers. Give me a call. J. B. HOUSLEY, 209 210 Dahlonega, Ga.

A man came into the sanctum with a fence rail to annihilate the editor for an alleged grievance. The latter, who was whittling, looked up and said:

"My friend, did you ever consider that even if you did thrash me, you could not stop the publication of this paper, and it would only be the worse for you, because either myself or my successor would be bound to get even with you. You may lick the editor to your heart's content, but the newspaper goes on forever."

And instead of thrashing the editor the man left the fence rail as part payment of his subscription.—St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette.



This is our devil in fighting trim.

A lead mine has been discovered within twelve miles of Lexington, Ga.

MILLINERY!

Thanking my friends and patrons for past favors, I am now ready to inform them that I have just received my Spring and Summer Stock of

HATS, FLOWERS, RIBBONS, FEATHERS, TRIMMINGS, &c., which I will cheap. Good goods and low prices is my motto.

Respectfully, MRS. E. W. STICKLAND.

CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER

In the best style of the Art. P. M. SITTON, Agent for John W. Wamsaker. Office in room adjoining Moore & Williams' store. Will continue to take orders for call's clothing, and will give special attention to style, and guarantee perfect fit. Orders from citizens also solicited. Jun 28 4th.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you. FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City. sep 24-17.

Mining Lands.

The subaltern Mining Engineer and Chemist will explore mineral land and make analysis of ore without any cash and buy from present owners. Send descriptions of Land, Lot, Numbers, &c., and samples of ore, and we will write you of our requirements and conditions. SEARS, GUILD & CO., 118 E. 7th St., Chattanooga, Tenn. 18-28.

When you want a good SHAVE OR HAIR CUT go to HOWE'S Barber. 67 Shop in Burnside Hotel. R. T. HARDIN, CLOCK AND WATCHMAKER, Public Square, Dahlonega, Ga. Work Solicited. SADDLES & HARNESS, BOOTS AND SHOES. PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY and buy your HARNESS and SADDLES from me. I guarantee my work to be first class, and I sell at the lowest prices. BOOTS AND SHOES made and repaired. I use the best leather in all my work. I will be found at all times at my shop—night or day—ready and willing to serve my customers. Give me a call. J. B. HOUSLEY, 209 210 Dahlonega, Ga.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 108 Wall St. N. Y.

IT WILL PAY YOU

If you propose going West or Northwest to write to me. I represent the Short Line. FARM, D. BROS. D. P. A., Box 5-6th, Atlanta, Ga.

W. H. Rutherford Bill for Relief &c., vs. the S. L. In Equity. Mining Company, Oct. Term, 1886, and others.

It appearing that Israel W. Valentine, Hiram Treat, Mrs. A. J. Steward, James Branson, S. S. Kirk, Annie W. Gilford, Rufus A. Morrison, John A. Kirk, W. T. Kirk, C. E. Golder, W. H. Girdley and Libbie E. Gayton have been made parties defendant and are non-residents of this State. It is ordered that they and all other non-resident Defendants in this Case do appear and answer by the next term of this court, and that Service upon them be perfected by publication of this order in the DAHLONEGA SLOSSER twice a month for four months before the next term of this court.

W. P. PRATER, H. H. PRATER, J. B. ESTES, J. S. C. Campbell's Sols.

I certify that the above is a true extract from the minutes of the Superior Court, Jan. 18th, 1887. T. C. HEAD, C. S. C.

WEAK & UNDEVELOPED

PAUL'S CHINA MAN BUDY ENLARGED COPY OF THE SLOSSER. This is an interesting and valuable book for all who are interested in the mining industry. It contains a full and complete description of the mining process, and is a valuable reference work for all who are engaged in the industry. It is published by the SLOSSER, and is available for sale at a special price.

\$25,000.00 IN GOLD!

WILL BE PAID FOR

ARBUCKLES' COFFEE WRAPPERS.

1 Premium, - \$1,000.00
2 Premiums, - \$500.00 each
6 Premiums, - \$250.00
25 Premiums, - \$100.00
100 Premiums, - \$20.00
200 Premiums, - \$20.00
1,000 Premiums, - \$10.00

For full particulars and directions see Circular in every pound of ARBUCKLES' Coffee.

FOR MAN AND BEAST!

Mexican Mustang Liniment

CURES

Contracted Muscles, Sprains, Bruises, Stitches, Stiff Joints, Blisters, Galls, Sores, Swellings, Saddle Galls, Itches.

THIS GOOD OLD STAND-BY

accomplishes for everybody exactly what is claimed for it. One of the reasons for the great popularity of the Mustang Liniment is found in its universal applicability. Everybody needs such a medicine. The Housewife needs it in case of accident. The Countryman needs it for his horses and his cows. The Mechanic needs it always on his work bench.

The Miner needs it in case of emergency. The Planter needs it "can't get along without it." The Farmer needs it in his house, his stable, and his stock yard.

The Steamboat man or the Boatman needs it in liberal supply on board.

The Horse-fancier needs it—it is his best friend and most reliable.

The Railroad man needs it—it will save him thousands of dollars and a world of trouble.

The Railroad man needs it and will need it as long as he lives in a world of accidents and dangers.

The Blackwoodman needs it. There is nothing like it as an antidote for the dangers to life, limb and comfort which surround the planter.

The Merchant needs it about his storehouse and his employees. Accidents will happen, and when these occur the Mustang Liniment is wanted at once. Keep a Bottle in the House. 'Tis the best of economy.

Keep a Bottle in the Factory. Immediate use in case of accident saves pain and loss of wages. Keep a Bottle always in the stable for use when wanted.

THE DAILONEGA SIGNAL.

By W. W. Price.

A Record of Mining, Political, Local and Literary News.

\$100 Per Annum. Single Copy Five Cents.

VOL. XLVII.

DAHLONEGA, GA., FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1887.

NO. 22.

An Empty Nest.

A grave old man and a maiden fair
Walked together at early morn;
The thrushes up in the clear cold air
Sang to the farmer planting his corn.
And, oh, how sweet was the fresh-turned
mould!

And, oh, how fair were the budding trees!
For daisies silver and daffodils gold
Were full of the happy honey-bee.

"Ah, look! there's an empty nest," she said;
"And I wonder where since the last year's
birds!"

Then the old man quickly raised his head,
Though scarcely he noted her musing
words:

He tore the nest from the awaying tree,
He dug to the wind's its moss and hay,
And said: "When an empty nest you see,
Be sure that you throw it far away."

"But why?" she asked, with a sorrowing
face—

"Why may not the pretty home abide?"
"Because," he answered, "twice a place
In which the worm and the slug will
hide."

Last year 'twas fair enough in its way—
It was full of love and merry with song;
But days that are gone must not spoil to-
day.

Nor dead joys do the living joys wrong.
The maiden heard with a thoughtful face—
Her first false love had gone far away—
And she thought, "is my heart become a
place."

For anger and grief and hate to stay!
Down, heart, with thy sad, forsaken nest!
Pining for thy selfish and the pain;
The love that is ours is always the best;
And she went with a smile to her work again.

—Mary A. Barr, in Harper's Magazine.

The Way His Mother Did.

I cured my Jeremiah of thinking that
he could cook just as his mother did
easy enough. Says I, at the breakfast
table one morning:

"Jeremiah, I biled my meat yesterday,
and if you'll bring in that jug of cider molasses that you put into the ice-house
to keep cool through the summer, I'll
make up my mince pie to-day."

A simple remark enough, and innocent,
but who can tell what a word may
bring forth!

"I wish," says the partner of my joys,
and (when he can't dodge them) of my
sorrows, "I wish I could taste of some
of my mother's pie again. There was pie
as was pie."

Now, I know that if Philura Jane
Jones can do one thing better than an-
other, it is to make a mince pie, but I
kept calm outwardly.

"How was they made?" says I, "what
was the ingredients?"

"Wall," says he, "I used to watch her,
an' if you'd hear to me, I believe I
could tell you just how. Hii wasn't
they good, though? I um, I believe I
could make 'em myself."

"Perhaps you'd better," says I coolly.
"I can," says he, "an' declare for all
tryin' to boss a woman round, I will."

"I couldn't," he said, "to let me
go to work. I got him my big chick-
apron, and tied it on. I brought out
the flour, and the lard, and the saleratus,
and the salt, and the spice drawer, and
the sugar-bowl. Jeremiah he went out
and got the cider molasses. The meat
and apples was already on the old table."

"There," says Jeremiah, "Now I'll
show you something about pies."

I said nothing, but went to washing
up the breakfast dishes and sweeping
up.

"I don't go to baking so early as this,
generally," says I. "You've got a good
start."

"O, yes," he answered in his gayer
tone, "I won't be no time afore I have
them pies all settin' in a row on the
buttery shelf. Haint you got no sour
milk?"

"Why, yes," says I, "but you don't
want it for mince pies."

"Who's makin' these pies?" says he.
"My mother always used to make sour
milk pie-crust, and I believe it would
taste good once more."

So I brought the sour milk. He dipped
out about two quarts of it in my big
yellow mixing dish.

"Where's the short'nin'?" says he.
"There's the lard, and there's the but-
ter, haint you? I aint here."

"My mother used lard," says he.
"Where's a dish to melt it in?"

I got him a dish.
"Most folks run their shortening into
the flour," says I.

"My mother didn't," says he. "As I
said before, who's makin' these pies? If
you see, I'll go out and mend the fence.
I'll am."

"I won't say another word," says I.
I've had some experience in managing
an opinionated partner before.

He stirred his melted lard into his
sour milk, and it rose to the top in lit-
tle lumps. Then he began to stir in
flour. I see he hadn't put in any saleratus,
but knew him too well to venture to
say so. Jeremiah Jones sometimes needs
to attend the school kept by experience.

He stirred and stirred and stirred.
When he finally got it thick enough

there was better enough, such as it was
to make several dozen pies.

"These pies are goin' to be so good,"
says he, "we'll make up a lot of 'em.
Where's the pie plates?"

I brought them to him all buttered,
and he began to roll out his crust. By
this time it was so thick that it could
scarcely be induced to roll out at all, but
he worked nobly. When he got his first
piece rolled out to about an inch in
thickness, he stopped and looked at it.

"I like a good thick crust, myself,"
says he, "an' inch thick ain't too much
for a real juicy inside."

"No," I answered, comforting myself
with the thought that his crust wouldn't
rise up to cut him blessed, the way most
sour milk crusts do. By the time he
had rolled out four under crusts, and
used perhaps one-eighth of his batter,
he laid down his rolling-pin.

"Shan't I chop your meat for you?"
says I.

"No, sir—e!" says he. "Who's
makin' these pies? I wish't you hadn't
chopped the apple. I've got an oven-
full rolled out, and now I'll make the
inside. Where's the choppin'-tray?"

"Did your mother have somebody to
hand her things, or did she get them
herself?" says I good naturedly handing
him the tray and choppin' knife.

He put all his meat, some four or five
pounds, into the tray at once, and began
to chop. He chopped, and he chopped,
and he chopped, and still great masses
of whole meat kept coming to the surface.

After three-quarters of an hour of
hard work he had got so there wasn't
any pieces more than one and a half
inches square, and two inches thick,
though. He chopped, and he chopped,
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to her brandy in 'em to keep 'em from
hurin' folks," says he; "I don't begrudge
a little brandy in such good pies as
these."

Then he stirred up the whole mess,
My land! There was great chunks of
meat, and great long strings of it,
such a looking pan of mince-meat I never
see!

But I said nothing as he went on and
filled his pies, and proceeded to cover
'em. The crust had got so hard
and stiff he could scarcely roll it
out, but he finally got it down
not much thicker than the under
crust. Without cutting any air-holes he
covered the pie, tucking in the edge
where it came over, and pulling it out
where it came short. Then his pies went
into the oven.

He insisted on building up an awful
fire, and in a few minutes the juice of
his pies (his meat was floating around in
an ambience of molasses and vinegar) came
running out on the floor. Jeremiah
bounced out the oven door. He didn't
look near so chipper as when he first be-
gan his pie.

"I wish, Philura," says he, "could
just see here a minute. That crust don't
act well."

I should say not! The inside had all
run up and was running over all around
while a thick, leather-looking substance rose
up in the middle of it, burnt pretty near
black.

"Those runnin' these pies, Jeremiah!"
says I. "You didn't stick your two
crusts together."

"Wal, why didn't you tell me not to
begin with them?" he yelled; "not twit
me with it now."

But I went back to the settin'-room
where I was sweeping, and left him to
wrestle with the pies alone.

But after a while I looked out. I never
saw a more dejected-looking picture, or a
more depressed man. His apron had
got twisted to one side and was all
covered with flour. Great dabs of flour
were on both sides of his face and his
whiskers were just drenched. The tears
he had shed had made water-courses
through the dirt and flour, and his ex-
pression, O my! words fail me. He was
just taking a pie out of the oven and
settin' it on the table.

He put the pan of mince-meat in a chair
to make room for the next pie, and then
he took that out the liquid from it
dripping all over him and the kitchen
floor. And if it wasn't a queer looking
pie! The crust had crawled up in a
roundish heap in the middle and the in-
side was roaming about everywhere, as
if seeking somebody to devour it. My
parched toast still (leaving the oven
door open) and gazed at them. Then he
backed back in a sorrowful kind of
way, and set right square down in his
pan of mince-meat. He had had it on
the stove, and it was bling hot, and he
yelled accordingly, jumping an' tearing
around the room like mad. I rushed
out with some dry pants and helped him
up with them. The first thing he did
afterward was to take them two pies and
march into the shed. Here he deposited
'em in the swell barrel. Next he went
in and took the two out of the oven and
carried them to the same appropriate
grave."

"Now," says he, recklessly, "you
may finish the pies, Philura, and I'll
mend the fence."

"Who's makin' these pies, Jeremiah?"
I couldn't help saying.

"Throw that in my face, will ye?"
he muttered, in very subdued accents,
as he went out and got his axe.

But I never grudged them poor pies,
for I never heard any more about the
way his mother used to do things.

—Portland Transcript.

The Way of the Speculator.

They met in Exchange place a year
ago this month. One had just bought
his wife a pair of diamond earrings, and
the other had been moving into an up-
town brown front. They met again on
Sixth avenue yesterday, and the one in-
quired:

"Say, Green, recommend me a pawn
shop. I want to spend those diamonds."

"Ah, has it come to that, old boy?
Say, I can't do it. We've just moved
into rooms over this hat store, and I'm
not acquainted around here." (Wall
Street News.

Driven to It.

Tommy was taken very sick. His
mother discovered that he had been eat-
ing too much preserved stuff, and while
awaiting the doctor's visit, implored
him to tell her the cause of it.

"Mother," he said, finally, "Mother,
Mame Duffy drove me suit, and" (hor-
rably) "I'd roved me to jam!" (Tid-
Bits.

It is never too late to mend; but a
man cannot expect to have a button
sewed on much after midnight.

A WONDERFUL LAKE.

Situated on the Summit of
the Rocky Mountains.

A Beautiful Sheet of Water with Some
Unique Surroundings.

One of the wonders of our great coun-
try is Henry's lake, on the summit of the
Rocky mountains, near the line between
Idaho and Montana, on the Targue's
Pass trail. It is destined to be a popular
summer resort, and the soil and climate
are not unfavorable to the prospect of
permanent settlement. The lake is five
miles wide and ten miles long. It is
the source of the north fork of Snake
river. Like a basin overflowing the
clear water ripples over a bar that forms
the rim—a bar of crumbled crystalline
quartz—in a gurgling stream that flows
peacefully through waving grass for half
a mile, and then plunges into a canon
where it is lashed into foam and leaps
over precipices on its way down from
that continental divide as it grows to be
a great river. After a journey of 100
miles over rocky heights and through
mountain defiles we reached the lake.

Men and horses were tired and hungry.
The mild beauty of the smooth water,
however, was also dainty, certainly not
smiling with the evening sunlight was a
happy relief. The blue grass was variegated
with wild flowers, birds were sing-
ing in the trees, swans were swimming
on the lake. Before us was the winter
range of the antelope, the deer and elk.

A party of trappers who spent one win-
ter there say the elk came down like
herds of cattle and destroyed their traps.
They were compelled to drive great
droves of elk away to save any grass or
other feed for their packhorses.

One of the wonders of Henry's Lake is
the floating island. When we camped
at night a lovely island was within a
stone throw of us. We decided to ex-
plore it in the morning. The soft green
carpet, the drooping willows and stiff
little pines, so near the shining surface
of the cool blue water, filled us with a
desire to rest in their shade. When
morning came the island was gone.

Five miles away we could see the little
waves waving in the wind that had wa-
vered it to the opposite side of the
lake. The wind changed, how-
ever, and the mysterious island
came on its daily orbit and rested, while
all nature was hushed, that lovely
afternoon, near where we had first seen
it. We paddled a raft of logs to its
border. It was circular in shape and
300 feet in diameter. The outer edge
was a tough saw, and so thin that it
gave down under the weight of a man
and let him into the water boot-top
deep. A few feet from the edge it
would support the weight of a horse.

The floating mass we found to be a mat
of green moss overgrown with a layer
of decayed vegetable matter. The
small trees had taken root in that
blanket of mold. They rocked and
swayed from side to side as we walked
around them.

Another curiosity near the lake is
what is called Moss Springs. From the
mouth of a cave, the size of a large
bunnet, flows a river of considerable size.
The sparkling water after seething and
roaring under the weight of great pres-
sure or other hidden forces, spreads out
over a rocky bed of glistening quartz 40
feet wide, and leaps from ledge to
ledge, down the precipitous
front. Thousands of moun-
tain trout are continually trying to stem
that tumbling torrent. They can be
seen floundering in the air from morning
till night in their effort to gain the un-
derground river, after following the tu-
multuous Snake to the summit of the
great watershed of the continent. In-
dians catch and pack away from that
place tons of trout every day. When
we visited the fishing ground a hungry
nomadic tribe of dusky natives, after
weary days of travel, were arranging
camp and looking happy over the pros-
pect of a sumptuous meal. They were
to feast on fish that were yet uncaught.

After lighting the log fires the fish-
ermen repaired to the foot of the steep
inclines by the rushing outlet of the sub-
terranean river. Each man cut a slender
rod and shaped the end of it to fit loose-
ly the hollow end of a buckhorn spear-
tip. A strong cord attached the tip to
the rod or shaft to the spear. A muscu-
lar brave would step forward, a brassy
horn would raise the simple imple-
ment above his head, where it would
balance for a second, and then like an
arrow it would be hurled into the water
with a sure aim; a trout would
flash his speckled sides in the sun,
the blood would flow in a
red cloud down the stream, and a
few moments later he would be seen
swimming. The buckhorn tip would pass
through the body and slip from the haft

as it was pulled back. The cord fasten-
ing the tip to the rod would hold the
fish, let him flounder as he would. After
catching about ten pounds for each mem-
ber of the company they proceeded to
cook the evening meal in a manner as
simple as it was strange. Large quantities
of soft clay were dug from the bank
and kneaded to the consistency of dough,
and each fish was separately incased in a
coating about an inch thick and thrown
into the fire to bake. They were cooked
without dressing. Some of them were
gaping for breath as they were basted
with clay. The case soon hardened in the
fire like brick in a kiln. The oil
sizzled and spluttered through the seam.
Experts watched closely and when the
perfect crematic state was reached the
fish were withdrawn from the bed of
fire. The shells were broken with small
stones and the delicious morsels were
turned out steaming, white, and savory
enough to tempt an epicure.—San
Francisco Call.

The Boy's Bed-Room.

Now, instead of turning our boys off
with the coldest, most inconvenient
room in the house and make a sort of
lumber bed-room of it for him to go into
only when his bed time comes, and out
of it as soon as possible when his rising
time comes; why not our beloved cozy
corner, or pretty picture, to rest his
eyes upon while he lingers about his
morning Bible reading, or about the de-
tails of his toilet, (which indeed he can-
not finish in his room because there are,
very likely, no conveniences) let us in-
stitute a system of equality in planning
the bed-rooms of our children, making it
a point to always keep the boy's room
as pretty and cozy as the girl's and as
scrupulously clean, rather than barely
furnished with only the strictest neces-
saries, and in, to say the least, a state of
questionable order. In these days of
cheap, bright pictures and fabrics, which
last so long, and durable, certainly most
mothers may without stinting the needs
of the household, adorn and furnish her
boy's bed-room if only it be already
supplied with a bed and toilet set. If
means to buy the other articles are lack-
ing, some packing boxes and a few yards
of inexpensive material above
mentioned used to upholster the bed and
cost but little except the time used in
getting them into shape; and the result
of a few hours' labor and the expense
(of perhaps \$2) will be the conversion of
the Sahara of a room into a palace in
which the boy will love to linger, feel-
ing a sense of possession, and to which,
to which, he will bring with pride and
delight his young friends when they
visit him, as he has seen his sister do.
Here, at least, he is safe from the hus-
tling orders of any elder sisters he may
chance to possess, who may have a pro-
pensity to monopolize, as elder sisters
often do, all the cozy nooks in the house;
this, at least, is outside their dominions.
—(Good Housekeeping.

Blind at Night.

Mr. H. H. Frary, of Jonesville, Va.,
thus relates his experience many years ago,
while on a whaling voyage in the ship
"Josephine," of Sag Harbor: "We were out
three years, from October, 1849, to Sep-
tember, 1849, and at the close of the
second year of the voyage, while just
making the land at the entrance of the
port of Petropaulovski, Kamchatka, as
night came on, I found that although it
was a bright moonlight night, I

THE DAHLONEGA SIGNAL.

By Price & Reed.

A Record of Mining, Political, Local and Literary News.

\$1.00 Per Annum. Single Copy Five Cents.

VOL. XLVII.

DAHLONEGA, GA., FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1887.

NO. 26.

Defiled.
Happy is he who hears, with brow ete,
Above the tumult of the unending throng,
The pensive of the Future, clear and strong,
Through the long centuries reverberate,
Down unnumbered eons his common fate;
Content to leave a heritage of song,
To after ages who can do no wrong;
Content, though never gained, Fame's crown to wait,
Drops of his dream, what matter if not his,
Dim in the crimson gold and purple glow
Of some cathedral vault, that honored tomb
Whose stories the pilgrim nations kneeling kiss,
Stumblers not be less sound though overhead
On a forgotten mound the grasses spread.
—Cornhill Magazine.

A DOOR AJAR.

It was all over; past and done with forever; not a hope remained. Inez Cameron had picked them one by one from his heart in her cool, stately, graceful way, half an hour before, when she had clasped his hand and offered him her friendship, in the dim, sweet-scented glow, which he could see from the window at which he sat.

"Friendship from her!" he muttered savagely, while a burning wrath flamed in his dark eyes. "Did she think I had been her slave for almost a year to be content with that at last! As true as there is a heaven above me, she allowed me to think she cared. I was no fool to say such words as I said to-day to her, unless I had been encouraged! You have taught me a lesson, my fair-faced Inez. I take my leave of you, as I might have done of any woman's smile hereafter; and I dangle no longer in your train, lovely as you undoubtedly are, and dainty and dazling. I doubt if I ever take any fair lady to ride here. When Sister Nettie and her host of friends depart in a month's time, I will go roaming once more. No man cares for his heart when his heart is as heavy as mine is."

The shadows gathered and lengthened, but Guy Handel sat silent and miserable, trying to crush down the regrets—trying to bury the corpse of his love-dream.

It was bitter to him, this rejection by the girl he had wooed in such a princely fashion; whom he, perhaps, had reason to think he could win.

Life seemed a very poor and barren possession to the stalwart young owner of that fine old homestead, while a summer twilight gathered its soft draperies about him, and still he forgot that it was time to dress for dinner, and his sister and friends would wonder where he lingered when they came down presently.

Suddenly a low, sweet, soothing melody stole to him—the air of a tender old ballad, played lowly, by some faint fingers.

Somewhat the music soothed the pain in his heart, comforted him in a strange manner, as though the white hands that toyed with the keys had left a tender touch on his forehead.

"I wonder who is playing?" he thought. "Whoever it is, I hope she will continue. I wish she would sing."

As if his wish had been heard a voice took up the words of the old song, and sent them to him sweetly where he sat, and then, yearning words which made his eyes grow dim as he listened.

"I wonder who she is! I do not recognize the voice," he said to himself, and then, rising, he quietly crossed to the door, which was ajar, and looked into the drawing-room.

In the twilight he saw a slight girlish figure at the piano, clad in pale amber. The face was turned from him, but he knew by the slim willowy figure, the masses of rich auburn hair, that it was Inez Cameron's little cousin, Hilda Dallas.

"How sad the girls voice!" he thought. "How intensely sad! Yet the face has always seemed bright and cheerful when I noticed her. I fear I rarely did notice her, poor afflicted child!"

Just then the drawing-room door opened and Inez Cameron entered.

Guy watched her with passionate elevation and bitter regret in his eyes, as she went and stood near her cousin.

"Don't sing that doleful thing, Hilda," she said in her slow tones of silver. "Even though you may be fool enough to love a man who doesn't care at all for you, there is no need for you to sing that forlorn ballad with your heart in your voice."

The music had crashed into a discord then stopped.

The girl on the piano stool wheeled about so that Guy saw her face; and from her heart he pitied Hilda Dallas when he saw her pained eyes and colorless face.

Ay, and something which was not lost in the first manifestation of her beauty who stood serenely there, her lip curling just a little, her blue and gold draperies falling about her in such graceful folds.

"What do you mean?" questioned the hmo girl in a quick voice of pain. "I don't love anybody; I—"

"Bili!" cut in the blonde's silvery tones. "You love M. Guy Handel, and I have known it for a long time. He came nothing at all for you—he merely sees you; to-day he asked me to become his wife. Now, perhaps, you realize what a little simp ton you are."

The auburn head was lowered suddenly, and two white little hands were flung over Hilda's colorless face. A moment after, and Guy caught the sound of quick sobbing, mingled with the low ripple of laughter from Inez.

"Oh, I didn't accept him," pursued the flute-like tones of the woman he had thought himself an angel. "I don't care to bury myself in this dull old place, and besides, I know Mr. Jarvis was very much pleased with me, and he's worth half a million."

It all passed through to where Guy had stood so long, spell-bound; unconscious that he should not stand there. Touched to the soul by the passionate weeping of Hilda, love dying in his heart for Inez—he came to him, through the distance between, because fate had ordained that the door should be for half an hour ajar.

The lame girl had subdued her emotion, picked up her crutch, and left the drawing-room before the young man recovered presence of mind enough to glide quickly away and gain the hall by another passage.

That night his guests were rather surprised to find that their handsome host scarcely left Hilda Dallas for a moment; and perhaps some of them noticed also how sweet her face was, with its changing glow and great shy eyes of purple with a touch of pathos in their velvet depths that night, for the first time, Guy saw beauty in another face than that of Inez Cameron—and for the first time a dull jealous pain made the beautiful blonde realize that too great a cost did she give in exchange for it the love of Guy Handel.

It was months later; Mrs. Nettie Lennox and the gay party she had brought with her for the summer to her old home were about to scatter themselves in different directions.

Many an eye had had its beginning in those glad days of heat and sunshine, down by the beach, and a course of practical instruction upon the subject of bee culture have been established at several of the crown farms, and pupils are sent every year, at the expense of the government, to the special school in Tschernigow, founded for the purpose in 1838.—(Cultivator.)

The Red Sea.

The bright sea suddenly bursts upon us, a sail in the distance, and the blue mountains of Africa beyond it—a lovely vista. But when we had fairly issued into the plain on the seashore, beautiful indeed most beautiful, was the view. The whole African coast lay before us, washed by the Red Sea—a vast amphitheatre of mountains, except a space where the waters were lost in the distance between the Asiatic and Libyan promontories. It was the stillest hour of the day; the sun shone brightly, descending to "his place in the occident," the tide was coming in with its peaceful, pensive murmur, broad and wave. It was in this plain, wave and perfectly smooth from the mountains to the sea, that the children of Israel camped after leaving Egypt. What a glorious scene it must have presented! and how nobly those rocks, now so silent, must have re-echoed the song of Moses, and its ever-returning chorus—"Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider he hath thrown into the sea."—(Lord Lindsay.)

Care of Horses' Feet.

It is generally conceded by horsemen that lameness originates chiefly in the faulty treatment of the horse's feet. This fact suggests several recommendations for the mitigation of the evil; First, bare feet. It may be stated as a general proposition that any horse with fairly good feet need never be shod at all. In the barefooted horse the heels spread out, the frogs descend, ridges form upon the sole, giving to the bottom of the foot a good purchase upon either a rough or smooth surface. He soon learns to rely upon himself and so adjusts his equilibrium to motion that he neither strains himself, nor slips nor stumbles. Horsemen have often given this plan a short faint-hearted trial, but it has not been successful, for the reason at the end of a few weeks, and before the feet have become injured to the change, usually have the shoes replaced again.—(Spirits of the Turf.)

Through a door ajar, and I thank Heaven, for the gift. Miss Cameron I think somebody is coming; compose yourself.

She forced the color back into her face and stilled the trembling of her figure as a slight halting form appeared down the aisle of shade.

Guy hastened forward, met Hilda, and drew her hand through his arm.

"My darling," said he to her, "I have seen Dr. Black about your ankle, and he says there is a sure cure for it. You will place yourself under his care for half a year. What will you do, my little sweetheart?"

"I will do whatever you desire, dear Guy," she answered softly, and in the dimness of the little glen he bent and kissed her, unconscious of the blue-bellied eyes upon him, which belonged to the woman who had loved when she had lost him.

Six months later Hilda flung aside her crutch and married Guy. Inez married Mr. Jarvis.

Bee Raising in Russia.

Bee raising is carried out to a great extent in Russia, the annual production being valued at two and a quarter millions of dollars; the expenditure is chiefly made by the dominant Greek church, the ceremonies of which require such a large consumption of wax candles as to greatly favor this branch of rural economy in Russia, and preserve it from the incursion to which it is exposed in other countries, oil, gas and other fluids for its illuminating purposes. The peasants produce wax so cheaply that, notwithstanding the consumption of this article has greatly diminished abroad, it still constitutes to form an important item of the commerce of the country; but the exportation of honey has considerably increased, in consequence of the extended use of portable stoves, which has also injured the honey trade in the interior.

The rearing of bees is now almost exclusively dependent upon the manufacture of candles for religious ceremonies, and on the consumption of honey during Lent, it being then used instead of butter.

As the government encourages this branch of rural industry, as affording to the peasant an extra source of income, and has adopted various measures for the accomplishment of this end. With the view of diffusing the requisite knowledge among the people of the practical beekeeping and a course of practical instruction upon the subject of bee culture have been established at several of the crown farms, and pupils are sent every year, at the expense of the government, to the special school in Tschernigow, founded for the purpose in 1838.—(Cultivator.)

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NEW YORK POLICE.

How the Great Metropolis is Guarded Day and Night.

The Number of Policemen—Their Nationality and the Detective Bureau.

New Yorkers religiously believe that they have the best police system and the finest police force in existence. As represented by the Board of Aldermen—August 11, 1886—they hold that "the Police Department has reached a standard of efficiency hitherto unattained, and superior to that of any force in the world." This opinion, expressed after the funeral of ex-President Grant, may only be that of a majority; but, nevertheless, exceptions prove the rule.

What is the number of the metropolitan police force? what are its duties? how is it organized and in what manner are its duties performed? are questions whose answers determine the soundness or unsoundness of the popular faith.

The number of the police force, of all ranks and grades, on the last day of A. D. 1886, was 9,920, including 83 police officers. The legislature of the State of New York on May 19, 1886, unanimously authorized the addition of 500, in deference to the general conviction that it was numerically too small to cope with the possible emergencies of the times. The city of New York, estimating its population at 1,000,000, and the area of the Central Park force, one police officer for every 593 of the inhabitants. This, in view of the heterogeneous character of the people, and the peculiar relation of the city to the continent, was really an insufficient supply. In 1883 Philadelphia had one policeman for every 636 of its citizens; Baltimore, one to 533; Boston, one to 487; the metropolitan district of London, one to 342, and the ancient city of London, one to every 100.

The Police Department of New York, established and organized under the law of 1870, consists of the Board of Police—which is composed of four commissioners, one of whom is the chief of the police force, and of officials appointed by the commissioners.

The bulk of the police force, corresponding to the privates or enlisted men of the regular army, consisted on the 1st of January, 1886, of the 8,000 patrolmen. On the 1st of June, according to the return of Deputy Chief Clerk Dolan, the native nationality of the 2,936 men of all ranks and grades then constituting the police force were as follows: United States, 1745; Ireland, 974; Germany, 136; Austria, 4; Italy, 3; Switzerland, 1; Canada, 1; England, 1; Finland, 1; Scotland, 1; France, 1; Hawaii, 1; Nova Scotia, 3; Denmark, 1; Sweden, 2; West India, 1. Thus the United States have contributed 50.46, Ireland 33.17, and all other countries 7.37 per cent. of the whole. The Hibernian element, including those born in this country, is decidedly preeminent.

Enough, though, in whose constitution habits of subordination to authority have been ingrained by generations of servitude are most watchful and resolute when the enforcement of law is entrusted to their hands. Whatever their ancestral antecedents, the New York police have invariably illustrated the virtues of implicit obedience, self-control, manly courage and intelligent fidelity. The club late times quite freely used. The ideal policeman is only an ideal. The actual is but an approximation to the imaginary archetype, because he is only a man under all the limitations of the commonplace American citizen.

The detection of crime is a secondary function of the police force, but is one of such romantic and morbidly fascinating character that it possesses absorbing interest for the great majority of readers. The detective bureau, with apartments and records at police headquarters, includes forty detective sergeants, under the orders of Inspector Thomas Byrnes. This officer, whose celebrity vies with that of Fouché and Vidocq, has been in command since 1880.—(Harper's Monthly.)

The Walk Before Breakfast.

It is curious how ideas change with the times. Not so many years ago it was considered the most healthful thing in the world to take a walk before breakfast. "It is not only absurd, but dangerous," said a well-known physician, speaking on this subject a few days ago. "The early morning air is malarial and will cause catarrh and lung troubles. If you can avoid it, never leave your house until the sun has warmed the atmosphere. Never mind about seeing the sun rise; it will rise without your assistance—take care of your health and let the sun take care of itself."—(Philadelphia Gull.)

On the Danube.

A correspondent of the Muenchener Tribune gives his impression of the Danube river as follows: "If anyone has taken the river route to Buda Pesth under the delusion that he is to see a scenery he is quickly disappointed. The finest scenery of all the Danube is above Vienna, between the capital and Lutz, and also further up, as far as Passau. Along this part of its course there is a constant succession of villages with castles, hills covered with ruins, abbeys in picturesque localities, and landscapes of great beauty and variety. It is in this respect one of the most noted parts of Austria, which has a greater variety of landscape beauty than any other country of Europe. Below Buda-Pesth the views are fine and bold. The shores are more abrupt and there are splendid reaches of the river, which receives larger tributaries and becomes more majestic. For some distance below Vienna the levees are numerous though not continuous. The land near the banks is low and the hills beyond them the gentle undulations. The towns that are passed from time to time do little to enhance the interest, as to respects their appearance, though all of them had their little affairs with the Turks three or four hundred years ago. In fact, every square mile of ground along either bank, soon after leaving Vienna, is historic. At the left and just out of sight are the battle-fields of Esling and Wagram. You pass the island of Lobau, the largest in the Danube. In 1806 the French army was shut in here all winter. At Petronell there was an old Roman settlement. Near Deutsch-Altenburg there is a mound called Hurlburg, because built of earth brought in there by the inhabitants to commemorate the expulsion of the Turks, who had occupied the citadel of Buda for 150 years. The 200th anniversary of the recapture of the stronghold by the Hungarians was celebrated at Buda Pesth last August.

Rural Life in Russia.

Usury is the greatest nightmare of rural Russia at present an evil which seems to dog the peasant proprietor in all countries alike. The "Gamben Man" is fast getting possession of the little Irish owner. A man who hires land cannot borrow on it; the little owner's tempted always to mortgage it at a pinch. In Russia he borrows to the outside of its value to pay the taxes and get in his crop. The "bondage laborers," i. e., men bound to work on the creditor's land as interest farming had received no wages and are in fact a sort of slaves. They repay their extortioners by working as badly as they can—a "devil worst," far inferior to that of the serfs of old, they harvest three and a half or four stacks of corn where the other peasants get five. The koulaks and mir-eaters, and other usurers, often sell their crops at the present price of every way; they then foreclose the mortgages, unless the small pieces of land once more, and reconstitute large estates. A koulak is not to be trifled with; he finds a thousand occasions for revenge; the peasant cannot cheap the Jew as he does the landlord, and is he starved out—the mortality is enormous. In the rural districts of England the death rate is 18 per 1000. In the whole of Central Russia it reached 82 per 1000 at the last revision in 1882. "The famine, now so frightfully common, is not owing to barrenness of the soil, for the mortality is greatest where the land is best. The high rate in these provinces is 43."—(Nineteenth Century.)

Mexican Children.

In all my long residence here, I have Panny B. Ward from Mexico, I have seldom seen a rule of ill-mannered child, their innate politeness appearing to be as much a natural instinct as the result of careful training. Upon entering a room where company is present even the smallest toddlers will go from one another of the guests, gravely shaking hands with each, while submitting to the caresses showered upon them. If you must know, I just paid out my last nickel to get square with the world, so if you can lend—

Cheering Him Up.

Dilly—"Hello, old fellow, you look depressed this morning; come, let me cheer you up! Tell me the trouble and I shall know just how to proceed." Wiggins (brightening)—"Why, I've just paid out my last nickel to get square with the world, so if you can lend—"

Happy Man.—Squire with the words—there's my car—in in a hut—(Detroit Free Press.)

Fanny or Fast.

In town I hear, scarce walked past,
My neighbor's coat behind the wall
Record the day's increasing debt,
(And Cuckoo! Cuckoo! faintly call)
Our senses run in deepening grooves,
Thrown out of which they lose their tact,
And consciousness with effort moves
From habit past to present fact.
So, in the country walked to-day,
I hear, unwitting of the change,
A cuckoo's thrub far away
Begin to strike, nor think it strange.

I count to learn how I do it is,
Unt, arrived at thirty-four,
I question, "What strange world is this
Which lavish hours would waste me poor?"

I have it! Grant, ye kindly Powers,
I from this spot may never stir,
If only these uncouthed hours
May pass, and seem to us, with Her,
But who she is, her form and face,
Thence to the world of dream belong;
She moves through fancy's visioned face,
Unbodied like the cuckoo's song.
—(James Lowell in Atlantic.)

RUMOURS.

The dairymen generally have the cream of things.
The chiropodist is proud to stand at the foot of his profession.
A note of warning—People who steal watches are apt to wind up in jail.
If minorities could elect, a good many men would be in office most of the time.

"What will the present year bring forth?" asks an exchange. Bring forth July, of course.

The elephant is never troubled with baggage when he is travelling; his trunk is always "a head."

"What shall we wear on our heads?" asks a dress reformer. How would hats answer for that purpose?

The man with the most retiring disposition has been discovered in Illinois. His name is Joseph Gotoled.

"A barking dog never bites," says an old adage. Of course not. How can a dog bark and bite at the same time.

Old Bachelor Patient—"Doctor, I feel miserable in mind and body. What shall I do?"—(Detroit Tribune)—"Stay a wife."

An Illinois man owns a mule with five legs. As three of them are hind legs it is necessary to feed him with a thirty-foot pole.

There is just one thing that will make time slide away faster than a toboggan, and that is a three month's promissory note signed by yourself.

The "killing" bonnet is now supposed to mean the bonnet that causes the man seated just behind it to twist his neck off in trying to see around it.

A new fish called the "butter fish" has been discovered, and it will not be very long before some one will come along and invent an oleomargarine fish.

A machine has been invented which will sew on buttons as fast as seven girls could do the work with their hands, and other inducement to commit matrimony.

For some kinds of disaster there is no safety in riches. The colic takes a tight grip upon the baby of the rich man as it does upon that of the poor man.

Her father has a small, round bare spot on the top of his head, and kissing him at bed-time his little girl remarked: "Stoop down, papay dear, I want to kiss the place where the hair has fallen out."

A young man thrusts his hand out of the window of a cab and cries to the driver: "Why don't you go faster? I am going to be married this morning, and at this rate I will arrive late for the wedding." Driver (sympathetically): "Well, what of it? I am giving you plenty of time to reflect."

Now why should England ever wish that the war would end? "Thus perished an other inducement to commit matrimony."

She has the Prices of Whales.

No Light Seen.

A farmer in England returning home rather late at night, discovered a young man with a lantern under his kitchen window, when asked his business there, said he had only come a-courting.

"Come a what?" asked the farmer. "A-courting, sir. I've courting Mary."

"But what do you want with a lantern?" asked the farmer; "I never used one when I was a young man." "No, sir was the young man's reply, "I don't think 'ye did, judging by the looks of the missis."

Sold.

"It rains very hard this evening." "It does, indeed."

"I'm afraid we shall have to do as they do in Spain."

"And what do they do in Spain?"

"They let it rain."—(French Fun.)

Address all orders to
RICHARD K. FOX,

Prices Current.

Prices paid for country produce:	
Corn, per bushel.....	70 @ 75
Wheat.....	80 @ \$1.00
Oats.....	40 @ 50
Rye.....	75 @ 80
Irish potatoes.....	75
Sweet.....	75
Apples, per bushel.....	75 @ \$1.00
Pears.....	75 @ \$1.00
White beans.....	\$1.25 @ \$1.50
Hydes, green, per peck.....	10
dry.....	10
Butter.....	15 @ 20
Eggs.....	15 @ 20
Chickens.....	18 @ 25
Meat, per bushel.....	75 @ 75
Peanuts.....	70 @ 75
Pork, per pound.....	5 @ 6
Lard.....	8 @ 10
Hams.....	11 @ 12
Wool.....	25 @ 30
Dry peaches per pound.....	3 @ 4
Dry apples.....	3 @ 4

These prices are furnished by the Hall, Mose, Co., and will be changed weekly.

Local Chirpings.

—Dr. Adair, the dentist, is in town.

—The Sigma Nu fraternity will give their annual hop and banquet to-night.

—Hymie Richardson, of Dawsonville, was in to see his friends this week.

—We were in error last week in stating that the Sunday School Convention would meet and the picnic come off to-morrow. It will be two weeks from to-morrow.

—Deputy Collector McAfee, of this place, who is now stationed at Canton, has been here the past two weeks attending court. He is one of the most efficient and faithful officers in the service.

—The Grand Jury presentments will not be published until next week. They have found a good many true bills against whiskey-sellers, and next court promises to be an interesting one.

—Samuel Montgomery, an old and respected citizen of Hightower district, this county, fell dead near his home on Monday last. He was probably 80 years old. No cause is assigned for his death unless it be old age.

—The entertainment at the College last Friday night was one of the best that Dahlonega people ever had the pleasure of witnessing and it red-elf great credit on the energy and enterprise of the young ladies who participated in it.

—Dr. H. P. Clark, a very promising young doctor of Dawsonville, was in to see us this week. He has just graduated from the Memphis College and has settled in Dawsonville, where he has already received a lucrative practice.

—Ex-Judge Estes and several of the prominent citizens of Gainesville who witnessed the entertainment of the Corona Hedera society here last Friday night, have requested that it be repeated at Gainesville within a short time.

—Benj. F. Anderson and Miss Mary Jones, all of this county, were married at the residence of the bride's father, John W. Jones, on last Sunday. The young couple have our congratulations. Rev. G. Hughes, of this place, performed the ceremony.

—Several of the boys and young men here are talking of organizing an amateur minstrel company for the purpose of giving several performances for the benefit of the young ladies who are endeavoring to purchase a piano for the college. If the fair ones will only aid them, the boys will begin at once to organize.

—All veterans of the 52nd Regiment should not forget to prepare for the reunion here on the 4th of July. There is something that will give Dahlonega people more pride than to entertain the old and scarred veterans of the 52nd. All must prepare to come and we guarantee you a royal time.

—We noticed a statement made a few days ago that the Franklin mine, in Cherokee county, mines more gold than all the other mines in Georgia put together. There is a mistake in this. The Preacher, Barlow, Ralston, Gordon, Hund, Ivy or Calhoun, either one, will mine as much gold as the Franklin. People away from here do not know how much gold there is in this county.

NOT GUILTY,

IS THE VERDICT OF THE JURY IN THE SAINES MURDER CASE.

The Demagogue of the Prisoners and the Points of Interest Brought out at the Trial.

When court opened Monday morning a crowd began to pour in to hear the trial of the murderers of Lawson Saine. Every seat was rapidly filled and when the three accused men—Jack Turner, Martin and John Lingerfelt—were brought into court every eye was at once turned upon them to see if they evinced any fear. They calmly took their seats and not a muscle in their faces moved. There was nothing to denote fear but an occasional uneasy yawning from Turner and Martin Lingerfelt, who seemed to be more impressed than John Lingerfelt, who is a mere boy, only about 19 years old. They chatted pleasantly with their friends and counsel—Col. R. H. Baker, Col. H. H. Perry and Fletcher M. Johnson, Esq.

SELECTION OF THE JURY.

Every one knew that the selection of the jury would consume a great deal of time, and that the counsel for the defence and prosecution would select a jury with great care. Sheriff Satterfield had summoned 48 petty jurors. Out of these only 8 jurors were obtained, and Judge Wellborn ordered the sheriff to immediately select 12 more from parties in the court house. Out of these twelve a jury was made up as follows: W. T. Bryson, Jno. A. G. Peck, B. H. Brackett, Jno. A. Perry, Jno. Ray, Jno. C. Calhoun, Joel T. Miller, Samuel A. Smith, E. F. Jackson, Rice Arrendale, Hattie Haff and J. M. Hatfield.

A QUICK RESPONSE.

The prisoners stood still while Solicitor Thompson read the indictment against them, and when asked if they were guilty or not guilty, they answered almost in one voice and as quick as possible, "not guilty." They seemed very unimpressed, and kept a chew of tobacco in their mouth constantly.

LAWSON SAINES' WIFE.

Mrs. Saine, wife of the murdered man, was in the room with a young babe in her arms. She is a good looking, intelligent and quiet woman.

THE EVIDENCE.

The morning hours were consumed in the selection of a jury and the evidence in the case did not begin till after dinner.

The first witness called was Dr. H. C. Wheeler, who testified to making the post mortem examination. He explained to the jury the route of the ball; he was of the opinion that the ball could not have been fired from level ground; that the assassin must have stood on the bank above.

John W. Satterfield, coroner, testified to holding the inquest. He described to the jury the tracks leading from the road near the branch, where some one had crossed the fence; saw mud on fence; saw where some one had stepped in mud puddle after crossing fence; seemed to have stepped on their heels; tracked to the bank where they were shooting occurred; couldn't swear positively that they were tracks of a human being; tracked away from the place of shooting in the direction from whence they came.

Maxwell Saine, who was with his uncle the night of the shooting, swore: Was going home with my uncle, met the three defendants at the branch; stopped and talked and took a drink; talked about the election, and all seemed friendly; stayed at the branch one-fourth of an hour; separated and started for home; after defendants left Lawson and myself hunted for a jaw a few minutes which we had hid in the corner of the fence; went on up the road toward home and stopped about 100 yards from branch; turned around facing down the road

to take a drink and Lawson began to tell a joke; saw flash of pistol above us and Lawson said, "Tim shot; they've killed me; send for Mary and the doctor," saw man run off after shooting; could not tell who it was; in a few minutes the defendants returned; heard Mart say "poor Laws is killed;" Jack Turner asked "who killed Laws;" was about 5 minutes after meeting boys until shooting occurred. Cross-examined: When hunting for jaw heard the defendants going on down the road laughing and talking; Lawson died in about half an hour.

John Saine sworn and said: Lawson Saine was my brother; John Lingerfelt called me to fence and asked if boys were at home; about that time heard shot ring out, and John said somebody has killed Lawson; said he wouldn't stop until he killed them; did not see Mart Lingerfelt and Jack come up to where Lawson was shot; they came up in a few minutes afterwards; John said "they didn't kill the man they were aiming at;" Mart run to Laws and said, "poor Laws was shot with a 32;" noticed beggar like on the pants of Jack Turner; Mart had one of his pant legs wet up to his knees; said he had jumped into the spring branch; spring branch is only about an inch deep and a foot wide; he could not have wet his pants up to his knees by jumping into spring branch; the defendants and Lawson were always friendly so far as he knew; live half a mile from the place where the shooting occurred.

Mike Saine sworn and said: There was a dispute between the defendants and Lawson about a still; had heard Lawson tell road hands and others that the defendants had stole the still in Dawson county; heard the defendants say that if the talk about them stealing stills did not stop somebody's heart would be shot out; did not know whether the defendants knew that Lawson said it was a stolen still or not.

Mrs. Mary Saine sworn and said: Lawson Saine was my husband; killed on Sunday night October 3rd, 1886; did not know of any ill feeling between Lawson and defendants.

Melvina Gaddis sworn: Had conversation with Martin Lingerfelt after killing; he said that those who shot at Lawson did not shoot at his neck but at his heart and the ball raised and struck him in the neck.

Wine Saine sworn and testified: Lawson Saine was my brother; he was shot 5 minutes before I got there; I live fourth of a mile from his house; when I got there his wife, Maxwell Saine and Mac Gaddis were there, and others came in a few minutes; the defendants came up in a few minutes; Jack said "what is the matter?" John walked up crying and said "poor Lawson is shot; a 32 done it;" they were drinking some; Jack and Mart's legs were covered with beggar-like; one of Mart's pants legs was wet up to the knee; he said he fell into the meeting house branch; the branch is only about an inch deep; could not find any tracks in the field where he said he had fell in; found tracks in field leading to the place of murder; the tracks went back the same way; there was beggar-like in field where tracks were found; but none where Mart said he fell in branch; the track-finder stood where the tracks were; the shoe on the right foot having a hole in the toe, and the heel was run down; noticed Mart's shoes on day of inquest and they corresponded with the tracks found.

A. L. Wimpy, who was one of the coroners jury, corroborated the testimony of the other witnesses as to the tracks.

W. H. Wimpy corroborated the evidence of the other jurymen who examined the tracks.

J. M. Robinson sworn and testified: Was one of the men who arrested the defendants; listened to them talking in jail one night; heard one say that "the Grand Jury thought because I was young they would get something out of me, but by G-d they failed." Heard another say "if we go to the penitentiary we'll all go together." One of them said "nobody knows anything about this but us and

Maxwell, and he'll never give us away. If he'll stick we are solid;" talked very low and we could not hear all they said; they had been put in separate cells until the night we overheard them and then they were put together. On cross examination he said that he was interested in the reward; that he had been instructed to listen to them by the solicitor-general and other officers of court.

Constable W. B. Townsend corroborated Mr. Robinson's testimony and said he overheard them while conversing with each other.

Here the evidence closed, and it was dark. Judge Wellborn announced that argument would be resumed at night. We will state that only the evidence of the most important witnesses is published. There was a good deal of testimony about the whereabouts of the defendants on the day of the murder, and it was proved that they stayed in a still house with a crowd laughing and talking nearly all day Sunday.

The defence did not introduce any witnesses, but relied on the weakness of the State. As will be seen all the evidence is circumstantial, and not very strong at that. Very few doubt the guilt of the parties, but the evidence did not clearly prove their guilt, and it was the general impression throughout the court room that a verdict of not guilty would be rendered.

At night the Judge took his seat. The prisoners were brought in, and had closely tied around their necks silk handkerchiefs. They departed themselves in the same unconcerned way that had characterized them all day long. They sat close to the jury and hardly a minute were their eyes turned away from the jury.

Solicitor Thompson was very unwell and asked to be excused. Col. Boyd was then forced to continue without any help.

Fredrick L. Johnson led off for the defence in an able argument for his clients—in which he held the close attention of all for about 40 minutes.

He was followed by Col. Boyd for the prosecution in one of the best speeches ever heard in a court room. The immense crowd, in which were many ladies, were as silent and attentive as if held spell-bound by some magic influence. Every ear was straining to catch the words as they flowed from his mouth; as such ease as water flows from a spring. Every word that he spoke seemed to convince him more fully of the guilt of the prisoners, and every sentence uttered by him was full of law and eloquence. He wove all the little circumstances into a perfect chain of evidence, and the prisoners did not look so gay when he finished.

Col. R. H. Baker concluded in one of his usual fine arguments. He carefully weighed all the testimony and read the law on circumstantial evidence, and stated that the jury could not find a verdict of guilty. He attacked every weak point of the State, and showed plainly that a strong case had not been made out. The prisoners seemed to swallow, as it were, every word he uttered. All their looks seemed to be centered on his speech. Col. Baker finished his argument a few minutes after one o'clock and the Judge charged the jury, who retired to the room.

Judge Wellborn and the majority of the crowd present left and went home. About 3 o'clock the jury announced that they had agreed upon a verdict. The Judge was brought over, the prisoners were brought from the jail, and most of the crowd who had not gone home, returned. For the first time the prisoners were an anxious expression on their faces. The jury slowly filed in and took their seats. When asked if they had agreed upon a verdict, replied in the affirmative. The bill of indictment was handed to Col. Johnson and he read, "We, the jury, find the defendants not guilty." When the words not guilty fell from Col. Johnson's lips Jack and Mart jumped from their seats, and John threw his head back, and a broad smile

covered his face. The three men left town with their relatives early in the morning, after having visited nearly every store and purchased something.

If You Want A Good Article Of Pungent Tobacco ask your dealer for "Old Rip."

LOCALS.

—The Grand Jury has recommended that Col. R. H. Baker and Joseph Brown succeed themselves as School Commissioners and that Dr. C. H. Jones succeed J. P. Ownby.

—Judge Wellborn left for home yesterday morning. Judge Brown will hold court at Blairsville for Judge Wellborn the 4th Monday in May, as he is interested in the majority of the cases.

—Court adjourned sine die yesterday morning at 9 o'clock. The Grand Jury finished their work by 12 o'clock Wednesday and also adjourned. They found 24 true bills, of which 4 were for felony and the others for misdemeanors.

—Mr. J. A. Bailey, of Dawson county, who is here selling the newly patented bee-hive, is meeting with success wherever he has gone. He has undoubtedly a first-class bee-hive. Notice his "add" in this issue of the paper. He will canvass this and adjoining counties before a great while, and we can say for him that he is an upright and honest gentleman.

—Memorial day (Tuesday) was observed in the usual way. In the evening the graves were decorated with lovely spring flowers, and speeches were made by Messrs. E. L. Phillips, D. S. Craig, K. A. Acabit and Col. H. H. Perry, M. G. Boyd and W. P. Price. The speeches were very touching and brought to the minds of the old veterans many events of twenty-odd years ago.

—We scarcely knew how many pretty girls there were in Dahlonega until forty or fifty young ladies who were engaged in the entertainment appeared on the stage in white dresses. They might have been compared to a beautiful forest or garden when in full bloom as the curtain rolled back and there they all stood. The entertainment throughout was a delightful one to the audience, who heartily applauded every act. The lecture of Sambo (J. T. Jones) kept the house in a continual laughter. A repetition of the entertainment about a commencement would be enjoyed. The net profits of the performance was about \$20.

CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER

In the best Style of the Art.
P. M. SITTON,
Agent for John Wamsutter, Office in room adjoining Moore & Williams' store. Will continue to take orders for custom clothing, and will give special attention to style and guarantee perfect fit. Orders from citizens also solicited. Jan 24 44.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, excessive weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you. FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. IMMAN, Station D, New York City. sep 24-17.

Mining Lands.

This subscriber, Mining Engineer and prospector, will explore mineral land and make analyses of ore without any such outlay from present owners. Send description of Land, Lot Numbers, &c., and samples of ore, and we will write you of our requirements and conditions. 824 N. GUILD & CO., n18-3m.

Notice to Debtors and Creditors

All persons having demands against the estate of Henry Watkins, late of Lumpkin county, deceased, are hereby notified to render in their claims to the undersigned according to law, and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment. This April 8th, 1887.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

Will be held in the Town of Dahlonega on the first Tuesday in May 1887, at public outcry to the highest bidder the following lots of land to wit: Nos. 446, 457, 458, 471, 5th District and first section of Lumpkin County, Ga. belonging to the Estate of Susan J. Clark, deceased. Sold for the purpose of distribution. This land having once been publicly bid off by one J. D. Sheffield at the price of \$125.00, who has failed to comply with the terms of the sale in paying the amount of said bid. Titles perfect. Terms cash. JOSEPH ALLEN, Administrator. April 1, 1887.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds and cannot be sold in combination with the addition of low test, short weight alum phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St. N. Y.

IT WILL PAY YOU

If you propose going West or North write to write to me. I represent the Short Line. FRED. D. BURN, D. P. A. Box 5—6m. Atlanta, Ga.

WEAK & UNDEVELOPED

FOR FULL PARTICULARS AND DIRECTIONS SEE CIRCULAR IN EVERY JAR OF ARBUCKLES' COFFEE WRAPPERS.

\$25,000.00 IN GOLD!

WILL BE PAID FOR ARBUCKLES' COFFEE WRAPPERS.

- 1 Premium, \$1,000.00
- 2 Premiums, \$500.00 each
- 5 Premiums, \$250.00
- 25 Premiums, \$100.00
- 100 Premiums, \$50.00
- 200 Premiums, \$25.00
- 1,000 Premiums, \$10.00

R. T. HARDIN, CLOCK AND WATCHMAKER, Public Square, Dahlonega, Ga.

Work Solicited.

nov 5

GEORGIA LUMPKIN COUNTY.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: James H. Rice has in due form applied to the undersigned for the guardianship of the person and property of Joseph Rice, Minnie Rice, and Callie Rice, minor children of Thomas H. Rice, late of said county, deceased. Notice is hereby given that his application will be heard at my office on the first Monday in May next.

Given under my hand and official signature this 4th day of April 1887. F. M. WILLIAMS, Ordinary. Pr fee \$3.00.

FOR A MAN AND BEAST!

Mexican Mustang Liniment

CURES
Scalds, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Burns, Stitches, Stiff joints, Bruises, Sprains, Corns, Contracted Muscles, Erysipelas, Hoof Ail, Worms, Swine, Rattles, Saddle Galls, Pains.

THIS GOOD OLD STAND-BY accomplishes for everybody exactly what is claimed for it. One of the reasons for the great popularity of the Mustang Liniment is found in its universal applicability. Everybody needs such a medicine. The Mustang Liniment is a cure for all ailments. The Housewife needs it for her family. The Farmer needs it for his team and his horse. The Mechanic needs it always on his work bench.

The Miner needs it in case of emergency. The Pioneer needs it—can't get along without it. The Farmer needs it in his house, his stable, and his stock yard. The Merchant man or the Business man is it. The Horse-fancier needs it—it is his best friend and safest reliance. The Sportsman needs it—it will save him thousands of dollars and a world of trouble. The Railroad man needs it and will need it so long as his life is a round of accidents and dangers. The Backwoodsman needs it. There is nothing like it as an antidote for the stings to life, limb and comfort which surround the pleasure. The Merchant needs it about his store for his employees. Accidents will happen, and when these come the Mustang Liniment is wanted at once. Keep a Bottle in the House. The best of economy. Keeps a Bottle in the Factory. It immediately in case of accident saves pain and loss of wages. Keep a Bottle Always in the Stable for use when wanted.

